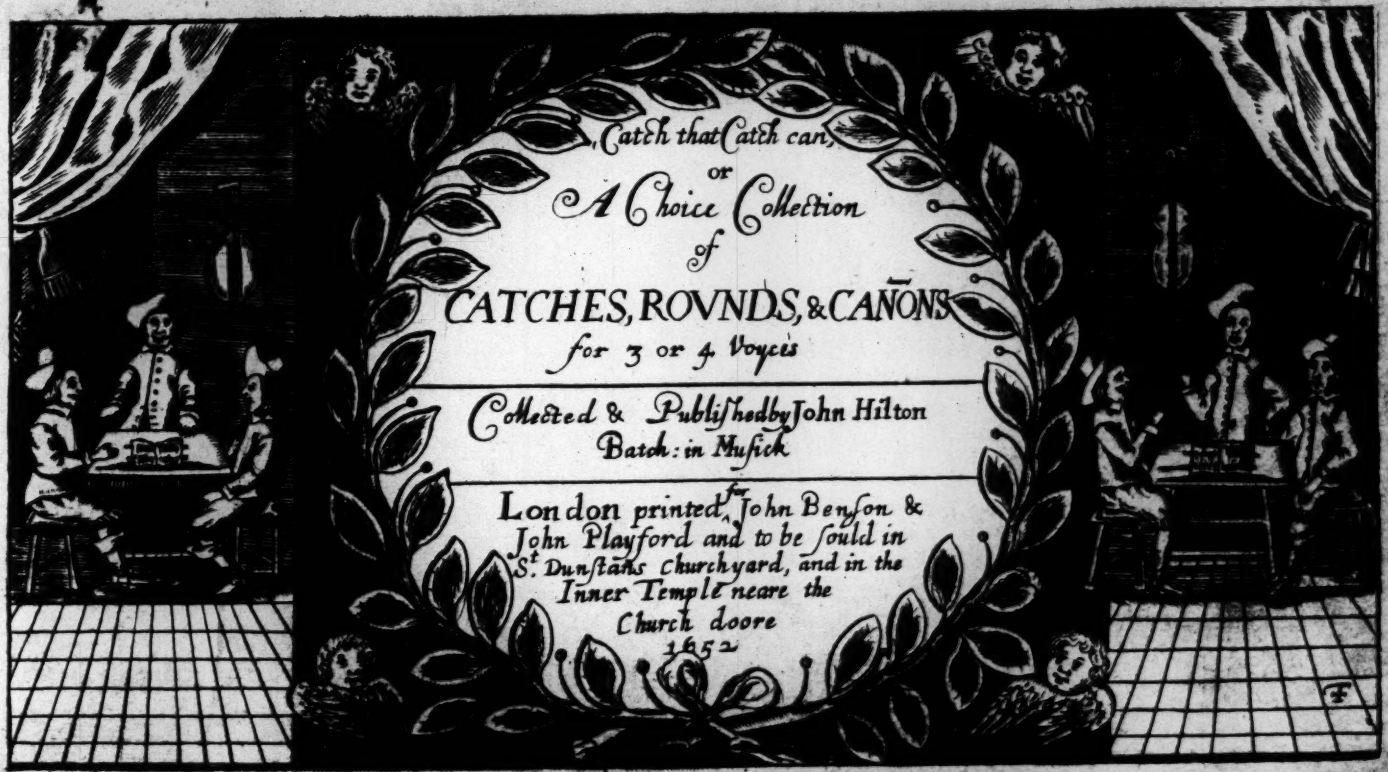

Catch that Catch can,
or
A Choice Collection
of
CATCHES, ROVNDS, & CANONS
for 3 or 4 Voyces
Collected & Published by John Hilton
Batch: in Musick
London printed for John Benson &
John Playford and to be sould in
St. Dunstans Churchyard, and in the
Inner Temple neare the
Church doore
1652

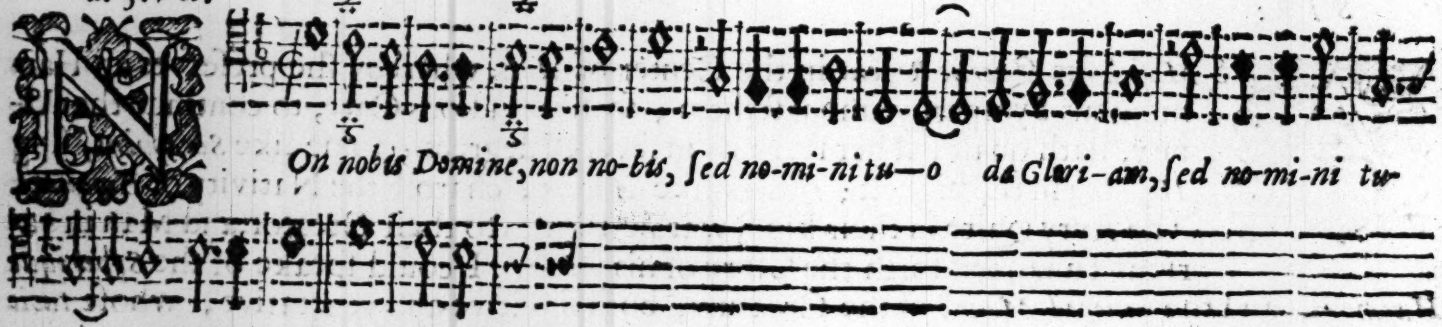
To my much Honoured Friend, Mr. Robert Coleman, *a true Lover of* MUSICK.

SIR:

AS *Muſick* ſits *Queene Regent* in the Center of *Arts*, whereby ſhe preſerves an Harmonious Sympathy amongſt them; ſo her ſtudious Care, to continue that Unity, hath qualified her ſervants in ſeverall degrees; ſome like *Seraphins*, ſing *Hoſanna* in the higheſt; others like *Angels*, charoll the Nativity of *Emanuel*. The Ayry Quire in their kind, warble Praiſes to their Creator, and Man in various Tunes, ſets forth the Glory of his *Maker*: I could ſpeake of the *Spheriqve Harmony*, and the *generall Muſick* of the Creature, both ſenſitive and vegetative, whoſe *tacit* Voyces glorifie the *Lord* of their beings. But your better Knowledge (Worthy Sir) needs no illuſtration of her Excellencies from me, you having ſo long been *Rector Chori*. Knowing therefore not only your perfection in this Art, but your Zeale to defend it; I have preſumed to preſent you with ſome of her Servants *Endeavours*, not ſnatcht up at randome, nor catcht at with an uncivill and rude hand, but gathered with a reverend and carefull collection, to avoyd offence and ſcandall. And if that *Generall Good* I ayme at therein ſhall accord my wiſhes, (being the Mutuall *Society* of Friends in a Modeſt *Recreation*) I have catch't the happineſſe of my De-

fires; ſo being enricht by *That*, and your courteous patronizing of *Theſe*, *You and I'le ſing.*

a. 3. Voc.



Yours, *John Hilton.*

In Praiſe of MUSICK.

MUſick! Miraculous Rhethorick! that ſpeak'ſt ſence
Without a Tongue! Excellent Eloquence!
The Love of thee, in wild Beaſts have been known,
And Birds have lik'd thy Notes above their own:
How eaſie might thy Errours be excus'd,
Wer't thou as much belov'd, as th'art abus'd?
Yet although dull ſoules, thy Harmony diſprove,
Mine, ſhall be fixt, in what the Angels love.

W. D.

To all Lovers of Musick.

I Hold it needlesse to boast the Approbations that have been formerly given by Great Persons, both to testifie and augment, the Life and Honour of this liberall Science, the earthly Solace of mans soule; and in particular, to delights of this Nature, such as you shall find in this small Volumne, which I dare stile Musicall, and in themselves sweet and harmonious, and full of harmelesse Recreation, and to all that love and understand Musick, the true sence and value of them will so appeare; of which I boast not, further then you shall please to judge. As for the Rounds, they have, and may shift for themselves; so might the Catches too in these Times, when Catches and Catchers were never so much in request; all kind of Catches are abroad; Catch that Catch may, Catch that Catch can, Catch upon Catch, thine Catch it, and mine Catch it; And these Catches also, which I have now published by importunity of Friends, to be free for all mens catching; only my wishes are, that they who are true Catchers indeed, may catch them for their delight; and may they that desire to learne, catch them for their Instruction: But let those that catch at them with detraction (as that is a catching disease) catch only the fruits of their owne Envy. I am confident, they that cannot make better, cannot injure these, which your favourable Acceptance may make good to him that is your Friend,

JOHN HILTON.

Ad Lectorem.

Catches are Catches, be they better or worse,
And these may prove hopefull if not spoyl'd at Nurse:
It's therefore desired if any doe halt,
That the Iudicious may set right the Fault,
In time by this meanes, they may walke without Crutches,
And merrily please you for your Charge, which not much is.

A Table of Catches and Rounds in this Booke.

AS there be three blew Beanes. pag. 3
Arme, arme, for our Ancient Foe. 6
A pox on the Jaylor, and on his fat Gouls. 29
A Boat, a Boat. 71
Aske me why I doe not sing. 75
Boy go down and fill the other quart. 90
Boy go up and see what makes them mad. 91
Come let us all a Maying go. 13
Call *George* againe Boyes. 14
Come, come away to the Taverne I say. 15
Come follow, follow me. 17
Come my hearts let's now be merry. 18
Come follow, follow me, whether shall I follow 32
Call for the Ale, stand or fall. 33
Come let us cast the Dice. 34
Come follow me merrily Lads. 55
Coridon thou Swain, I am. 61
Come hither *Tom* and make up three. 62
Cuckooe, go neighbour help us. 67
Call for the best, the house may ring. 83
Come quaffe apace this brisk Canary Wine. 86
Come pretty Maydens, what is't you buy. 87
Come honest Friends and joviall Boyes; 88
Call to the Parson, and let us go drink. 89
Down in a Dungeon deep. 28
Drink to Night if the Moon shines, 35
Dainty fine Aniseed Water, fine, 42
Ding, ding, ding, dong bell. 66
Fill me my Wine in Christall. 74
Goose Law'd with Goose. 41

Good *Susan* be as secret. pag. 68
Good *Symon* how comes it your Nose looks so red. 84
Here is an old ground. 8
Here lies a woman, who can deny it. 32
Hang sorrow and cast away care. 39
Have you observ'd the Wench in the street. 54
Have you any worke for a Tinker. 56
How merrily looks the man that hath Gold. 57
Here dwels a pretty Maid. 63
He that reads this Verse. 72
Hey hoe, hearts delight. 79
Hi we to the other World. 93
Hey hoe, behold I will shew. 96
Horse to trot, I say. *ib.*
Fenny she smiles on me. 4
I poore and well, thou rich and ill. 11
If you will drinke for pleasure. 21
Ise go with thee my sweet *Peggy*. 26
If we will drink Canary. 33
I'le tell you of a Matter. 42
I have lov'd the jolly Tankard. Mr. *William Bird*. 70
If thou art my honest Friend. 73
If any so wise is, that Sack he despises. 82
Let *Symons* Beard alone. 20
Let's cast away care, and merrily sing. 37
Love in thy youth, faire Mayd be wise. 69
Me thinks that I do heare. 9
'Mongst all those pretious juses. 10
Mony, mony, 'tis that only can. 45
My Mistresse will not be content. 49
My Lady and her Mayd upon a merry pin. 64
March bravely on Boyes. 80
Now that the Spring. Mr. *John Hilton*. 1
Never let a man take heavily, the. 38
Now I am married, Sir *John* I'le not curse. 72
Now my Lads, now my Lads. 77
Now we are met, let's merry be, in three Parts. 94
O Ale *ab Alendo*. 5
O *Tom Bowles*. 19
O yes, O yes, if there be any. 24
O *Hick* and *Stephen*. 58

O the wily, wily Fox.	pag. 59	The Silver Swan, who living.	76
Pratty *Nann*, bony *Nann*.	25	The braveſt of Souldiers is the valiant Drinker.	92
Prepare your hearts for mirth.	47		
She that will eat her breakfaſt in.	23	Welcome honeſt friend from Eaſt and Weſt.	12
See how in gathering of their May.	36	We three *Wills* will drinke our fills.	16
Shew a Roome, ſhew a Roome.	44	Welcome Patients, Doctour tell.	25
Society the life of man.	48	What ſhall he have that kills the Deere.	30
Stand ſtill and liſten if you heare with me.	93	What are we met, come let's ſee.	46
Turne *Amarillis*.	2	Will you buy a new merry Booke.	50
The pretty Larke clyming.	19	[illegible]e's an be by to dinking.	77
There was an old man at Waltham Croſſe.	31	Wilt thou lend me thy Mare.	78
The Wiſe men were but ſeaven.	40	Wars are our delight.	81
This chirping Glaſſe, let no good fellow.	52	When ever I marry I'le marry a Mayd.	85
This Geere goes hard.	53		
'Tis *Amarillis* walking all alone	65	You merry Poets old Boyes	7
		Yonder he goes takes Cornes.	60

A Table of the Sacred Hymns *and* Canons *in the latter Part of this Booke.*

ALas poore heart.	108	*Beati qui ad Cœnam.*	99
Ariſe and fall downe flat.	112	Bleſſe them that curſe you.	114

Enends

Exaudi Domine. 99
Gloria in Excelsis Deo. 98
Gloria Patri. Mr. *Nelham.* 100
Gloria Patri. Mr. *Ellis.* *ib.*
Gloria Patri. 3. *Voc.* Mr. *Deering.* 114
Gloria tribuatur Deo. 3. *Voc.* Mr. *Brewer.* 116
Gloria Patri. 3. *Voc.* Mr. *Barnwell.* 118
Gloria Patri. 3 *Voc.* Mr. *Heardson.* 120

Haste thee O Lord. 101

In te Domine. 79
I am so weary of this lingring griefe. 102
I wept and chastned my selfe. 103
I charge ye O Daughters of Jerusalem. 105
I am so weary of my groaning. 108

Laudate Jehovam. 98
Looke downe, O Lord, and pitty. 110
Looke downe, O Lord, upon my bed rid soule. 111
Let Musick be thy sweetest. *ib.*
Let me sleep this Night. 109
Lift up your hearts. *ib.*

My soule, O Lord, shall trust. 105

Non nobis Domine. 97
Ora & Labora. 99
Omne bonum. *ib.*
O Lord I lift my heart to thee. 102
O *Absolon*, my son. 103
O that my head were waters. 104
O Lord Almighty. 106
O pray for the peace of Jerusalem. 108

Prostrate on my knees O Lord. 112
Praise the Lord, O ye servants. 113
Praise the Lord, O my soule. 122

Regi Regis. 9[illegible]

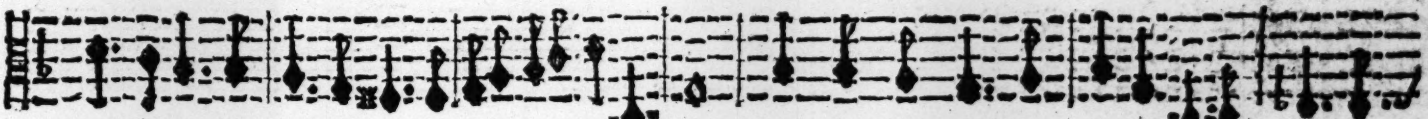
She weepeth sore in the night. 10[illegible]
Sweet Jesu Christ thy Church keep. 11[illegible]

The sorrows of my heart. 106
Thus saith the Preacher, all is vanity. 107

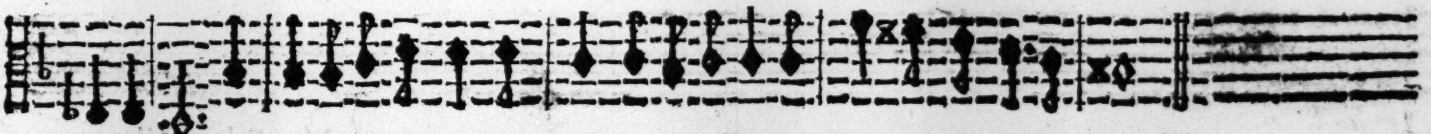
Ut Relevet miserum Fatum. 111

Ow that the Spring hath fild our veins with kind & active fire, & made green liveries for the Plains,

& eve-ry Grove a Quire. Sing we this song with mirth & merry glee, and *Bacchus* crown the bowle, and

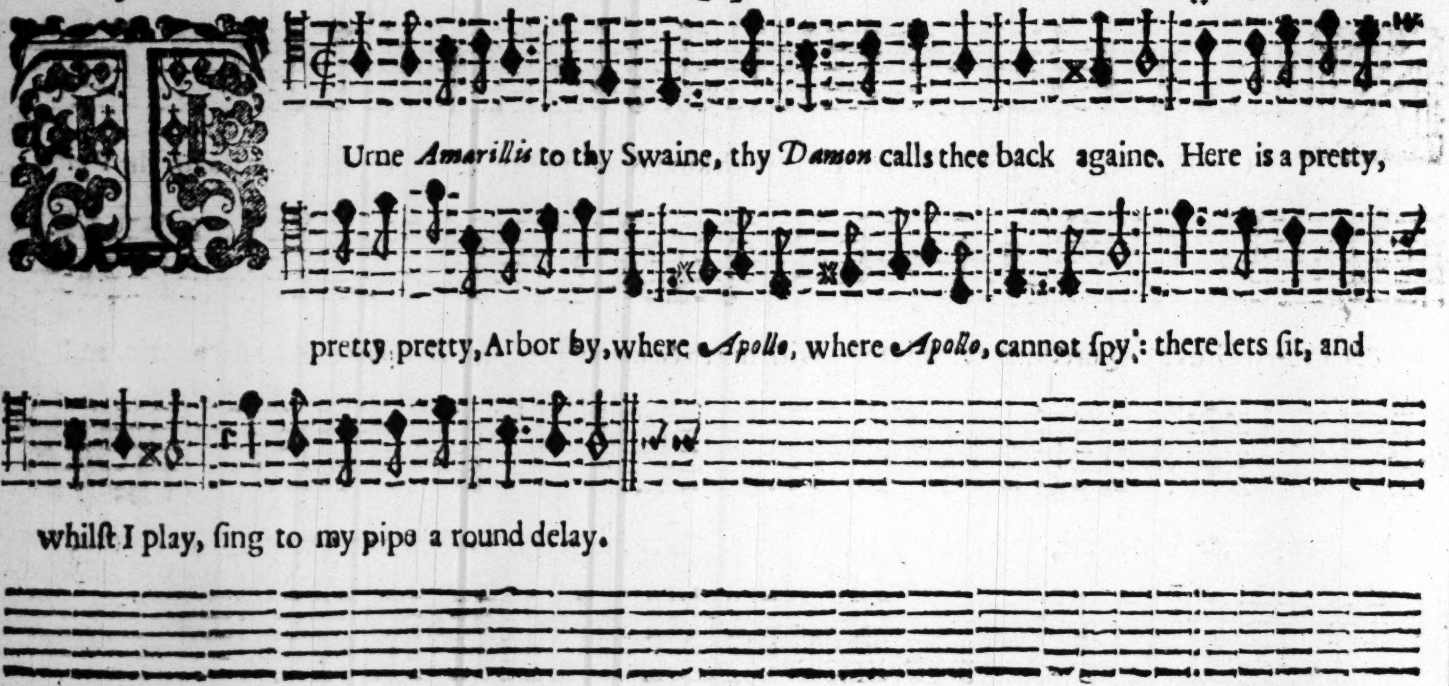


here's to thee, & thou to me, and eve--ry thirsty soule. Share sheep that have them cry we still, but see that



none escape to take of the Sherry that make us so merry, and plump as the lusty Grape.

Mr. John Milton

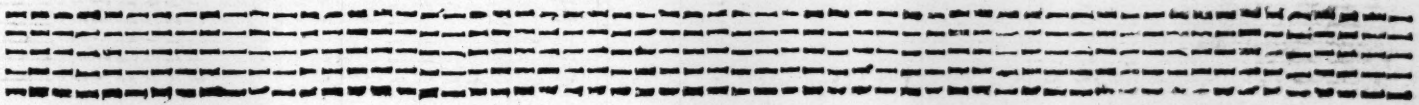


Mr. *John Hilton.*

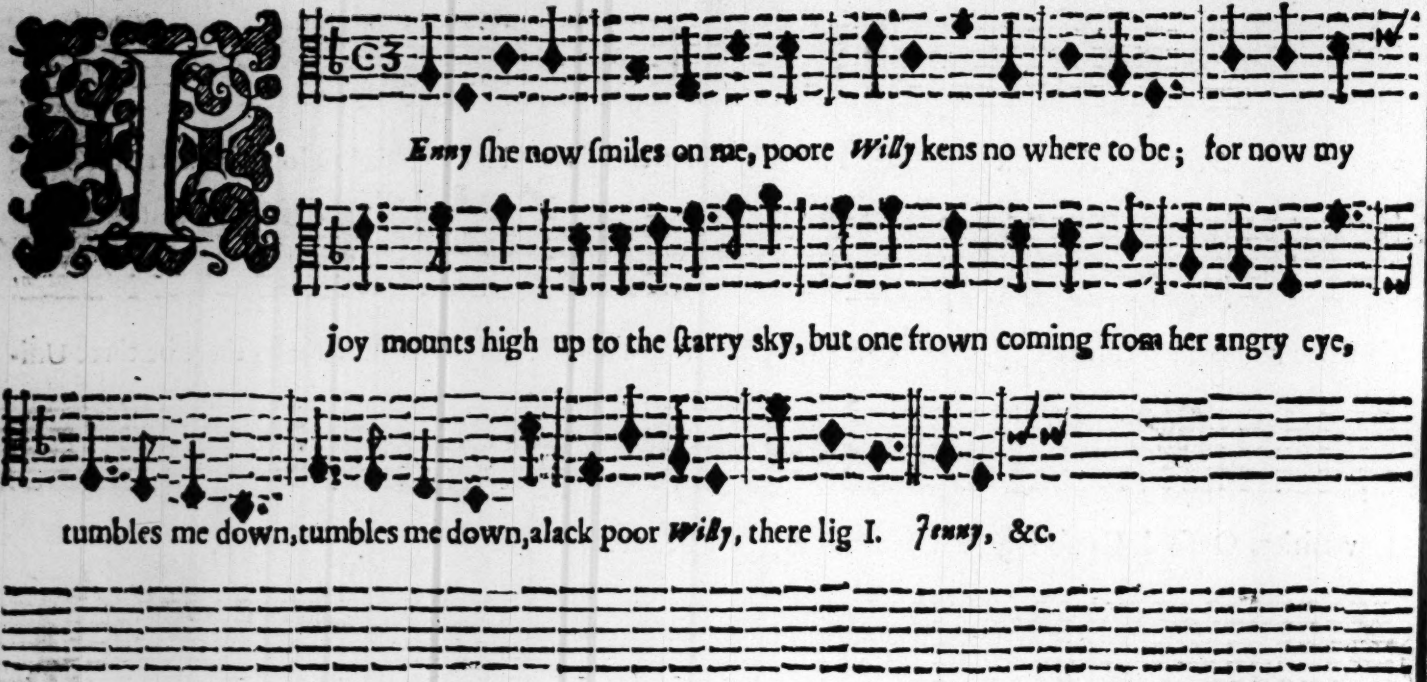
AS there be three blew Beans in a blew Bladder, and thrice three rounds in a long Ladder: As there be

three nooks in a corner Cap, and three corners and one in a Map: Ev'n ſo like unto theſe, there be three Uni-

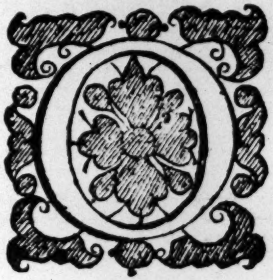
verſities, Oxford, Cambridge, and James. As there be, &c.



Mr. *John Hilton.*



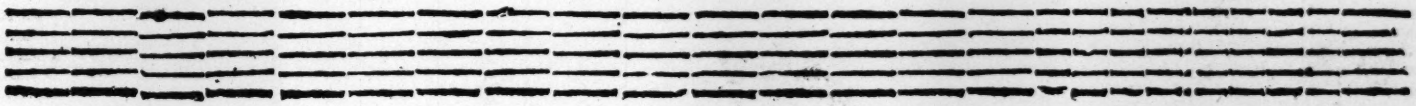
Mr. *John Hilton.*



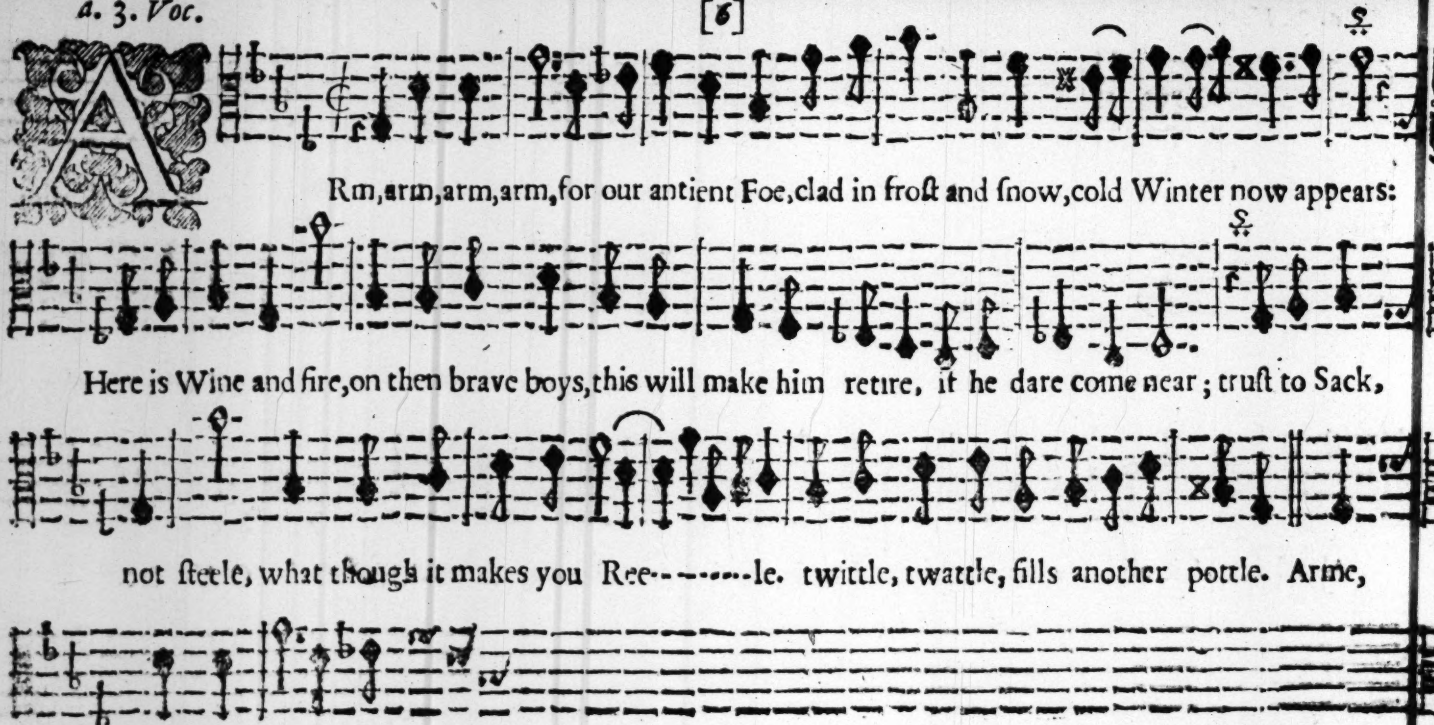
Ale *ab Alendo*, thou Liquor of life, would I had a mouth as big as a Whale;

but mine is too little to ſound the leaſt tittle, that belongs to the praiſe of a Pot of good

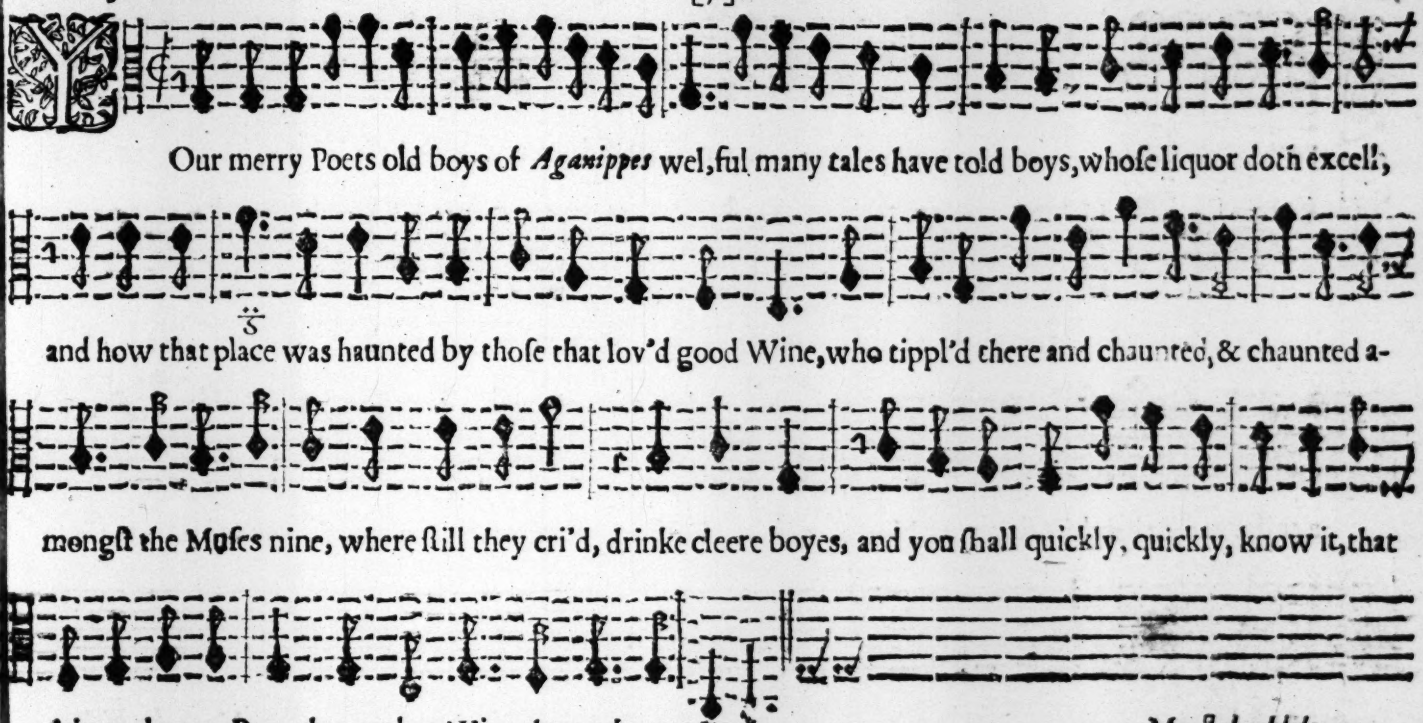
Ale: although it will never be as big as I wiſh, yet ſtill ile endeavour to drink like a Fiſh. O Ale, &c.



Mr. *John Hilton.*

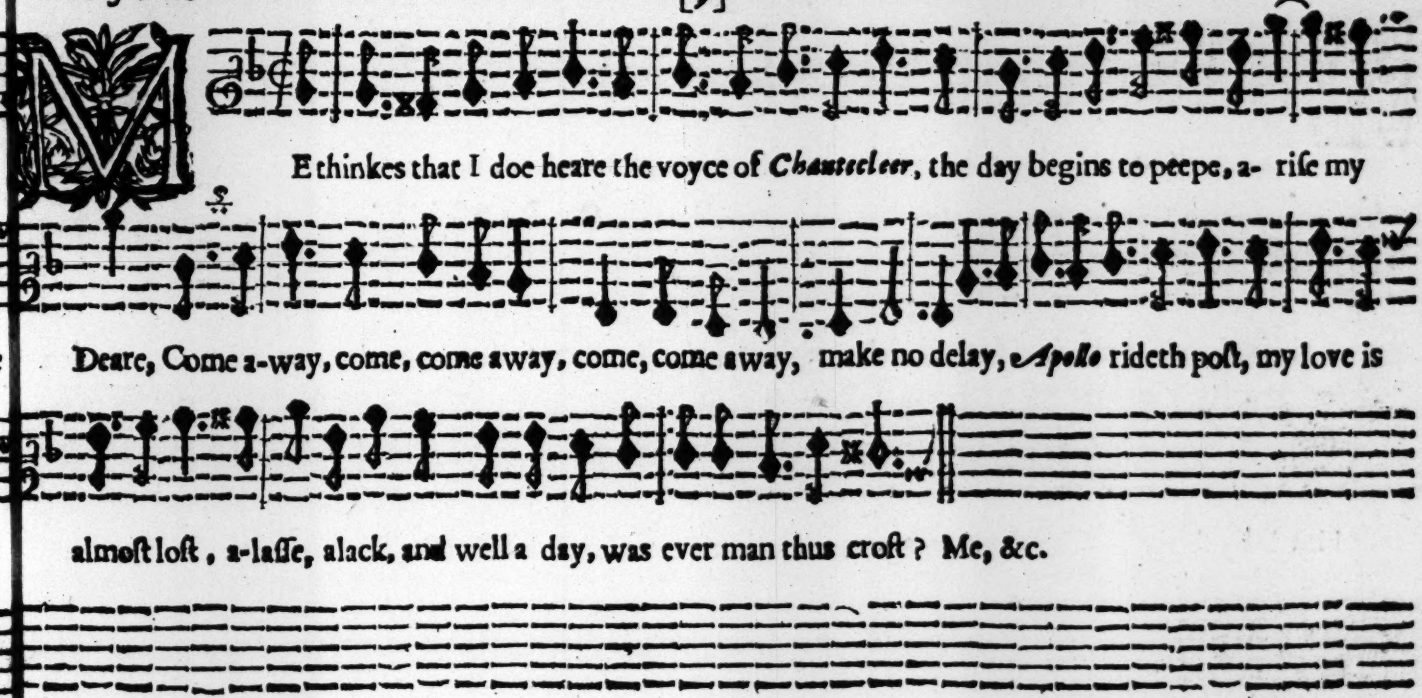


Mr. *John Hilton.*

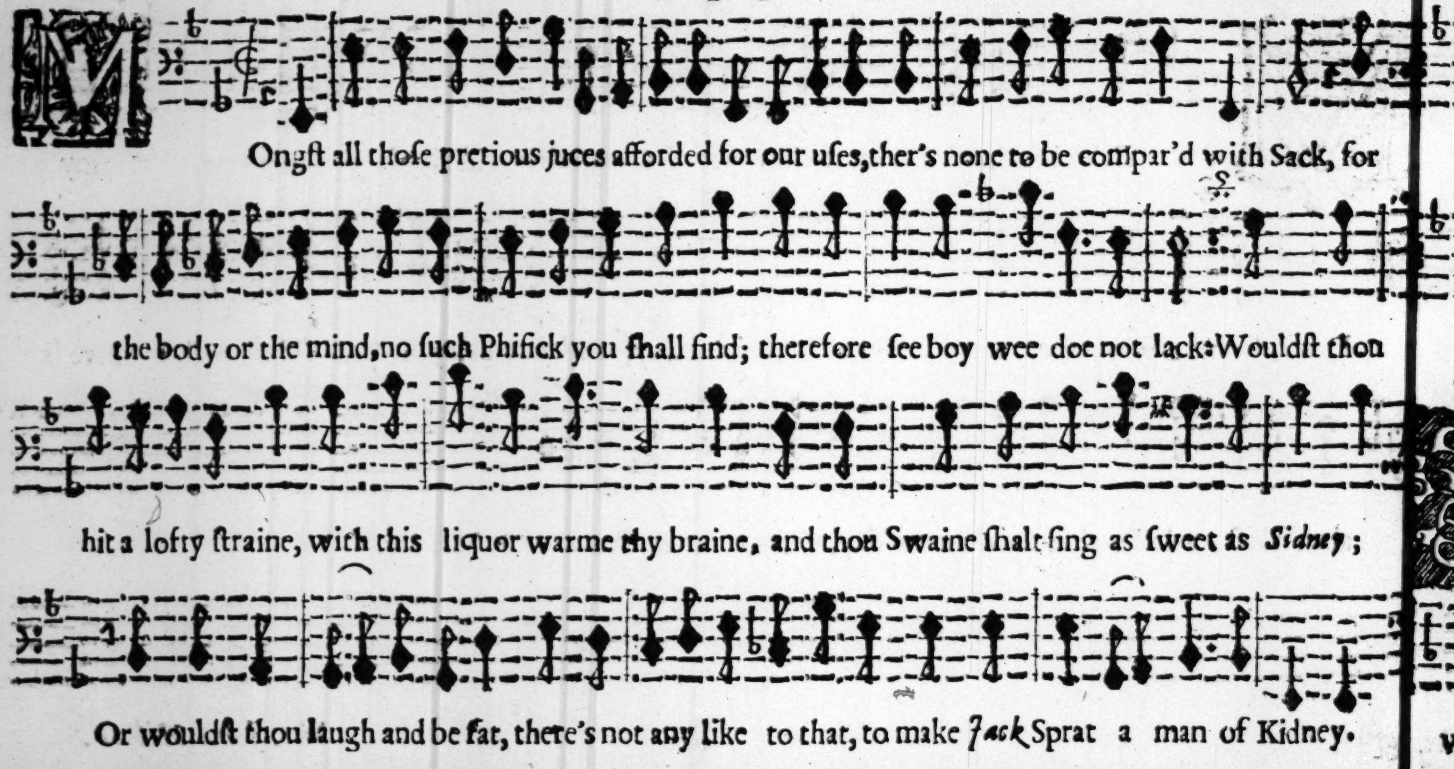

Our merry Poets old boys of *Aganippes* wel,ful many tales have told boys,whoſe liquor doth excell,
and how that place was haunted by thoſe that lov'd good Wine,who tippl'd there and chaunted,& chaunted a-
mongſt the Muſes nine, where ſtill they cri'd, drinke cleere boyes, and you ſhall quickly, quickly, know it,that
'tis not lowzy Beere boyes, but Wine that makes a Po-et.
Mr. *John Hilton.*

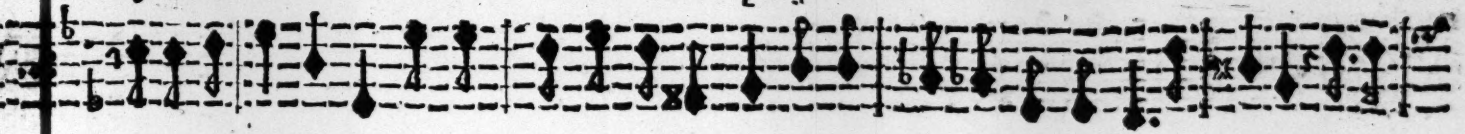
Ere is an old ground, here is an old ground: If right it be ſung 'twill prove a round; then hold it true *Dick*, and ſing your notes quick, quick for you'l finde a crafty trick, therefore ſing your Notes quick, hold true your prick, then merrily we will agree, three parts in U ni-ty.

Mr. *John Hilton.*



Mr. *John Hilton.*

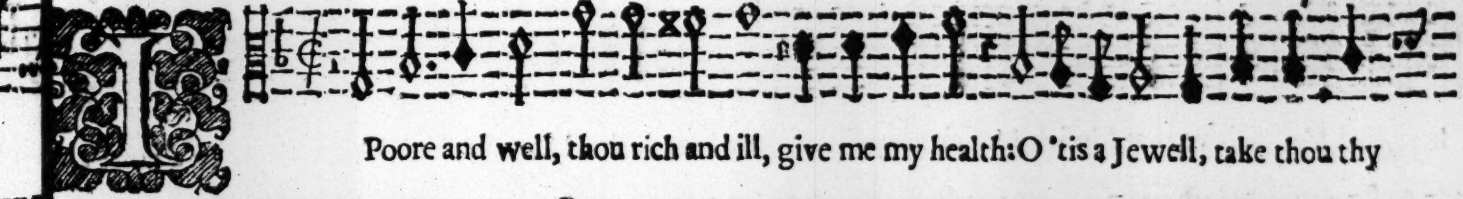

Ongſt all thoſe pretious juces afforded for our uſes, ther's none to be compar'd with Sack, for
the body or the mind, no ſuch Phifick you ſhall find; therefore ſee boy wee doe not lack: Wouldſt thou
hit a lofty ſtraine, with this liquor warme thy braine, and thou Swaine ſhalt ſing as ſweet as Sidney;
Or wouldſt thou laugh and be fat, there's not any like to that, to make Jack Sprat a man of Kidney.



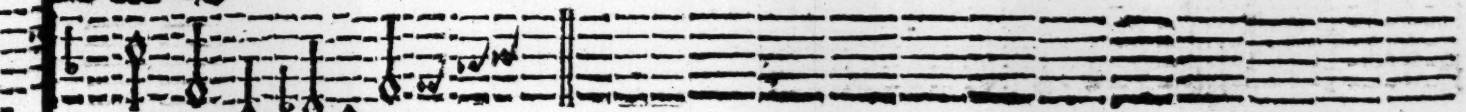
It is the ſoule of mirth to poore mortalls upon earth : It will make a Coward bold as *Hector*; Nay I

wager durſt a Peece, that thoſe merry God of *Greece*, dranke old Sack and cal'd it *Nectar*. Mongſt, &c.

a. 3. Voc. Mr. *John Hilton.*

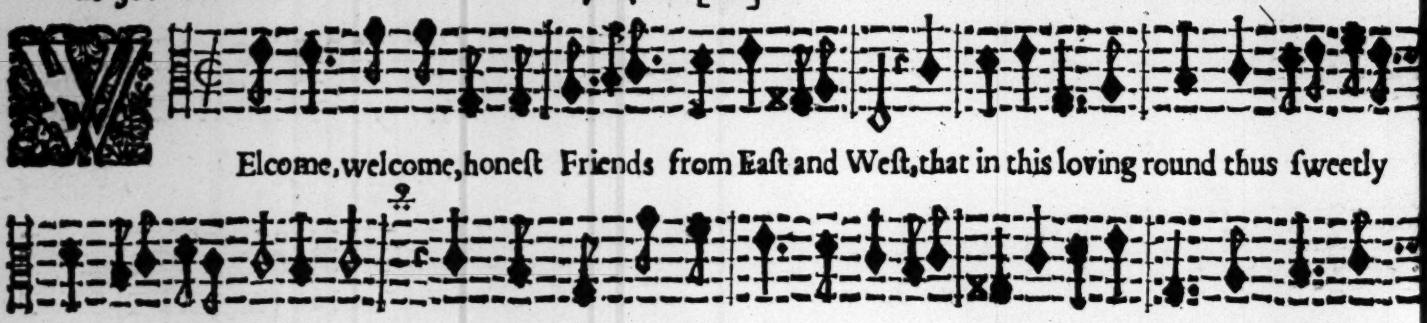


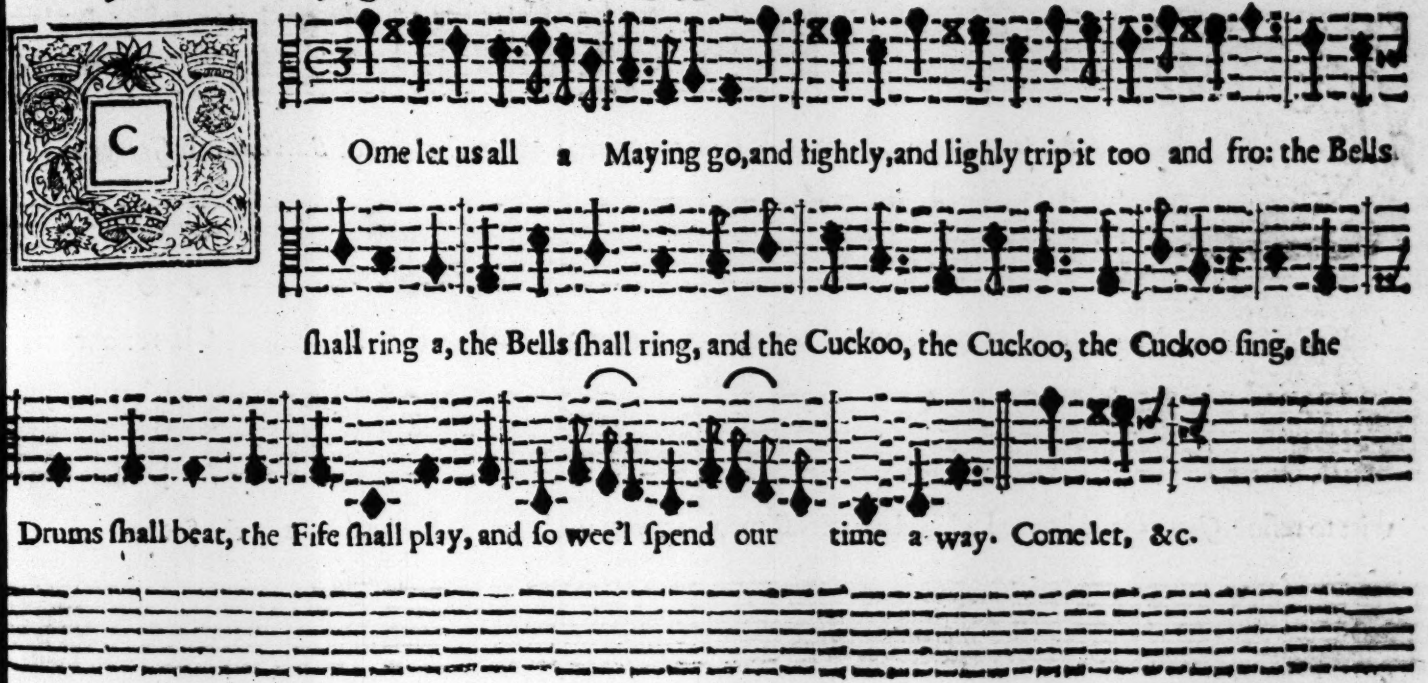
Poore and well, thou rich and ill, give me my health: O 'tis a Jewell, take thou thy



wealth and buy the fewell.

Mr. *John Hilton.*


Welcome, welcome, honeſt Friends from Eaſt and Weſt, that in this loving round thus ſweetly
move, ſweetly, ſweetly move: Though he that made this Song deſerves it beſt, yet all are welcome, welcome,
here, that Muſick love, that Muſick, Muſick love: But if a-ny here doth Mu--ſick hate, Muſick hate, wo'd hornes o
Aſſes ears, Aſſes ears grew to his pate, Aſſes ears grew to his pate. Welcome, &c.
Mr. John Hilton



Mr. *John Hilton.*

All *George* againe boy, call *George* againe, and for the love of *Bacchus* call *George* a-

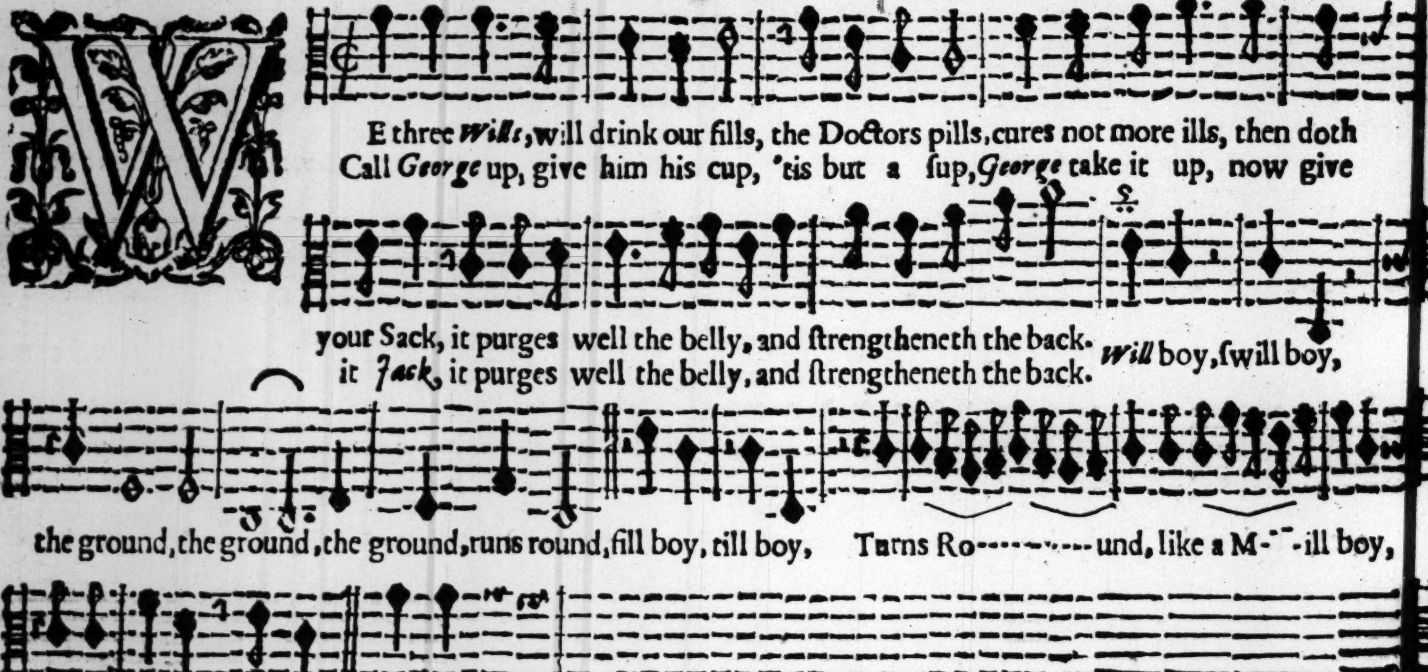
gaine. *George* is a good boy and drawes us good Wine, then fill us more Clarret our

wits to refine. *George* is a brave Lad, and an honeſt man, if you will know him, he dwels at the Swan.

Mr. *John Hilton.*

Come, come away, to the Taverne I ſay, for now at home 'tis waſhing day, leave your pritle pratle, and fill us a pottle, you are not ſo wiſe as *Ar-iſt--ot-le.* Drawer come away, let's make it holy day, a-non, anon, anon, ſir, what is't you ſay?

Mr. *John Hilton.*



Mr. *John Hilton.*

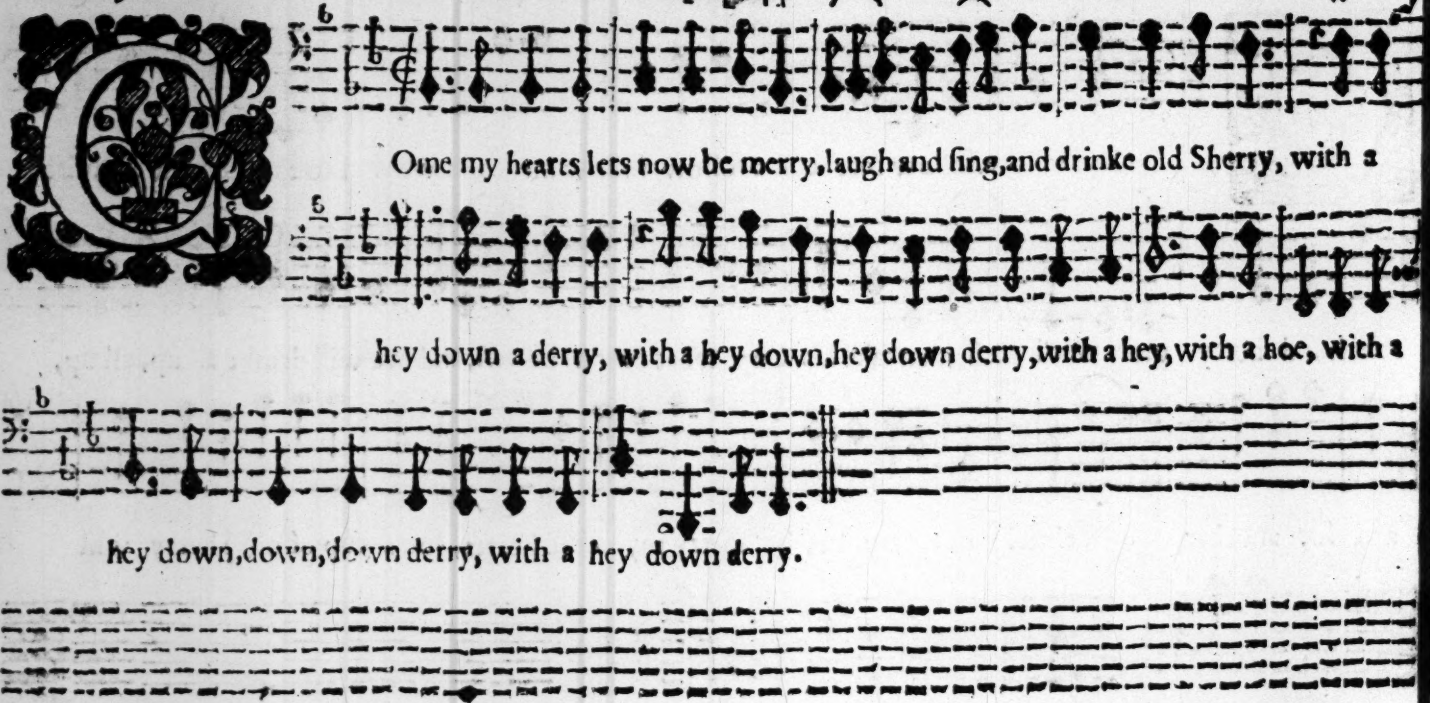
Come follow, follow mee, come follow, follow mee, and we will to the Taverne go with

mirth and merry glee: wee'l each man take his Cup, what ever us be-fall, and we will drinke all up, all up,

and for another call: then let us merry be, be merry my noble hearts, for a cup of old Sherry will

make us merry, and wee'l sing well our parts. Come, &c.

Mr. *John Hilton.*



Mr. *John Hilton.*

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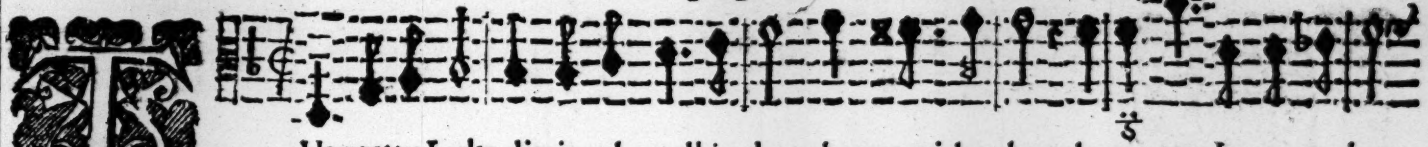
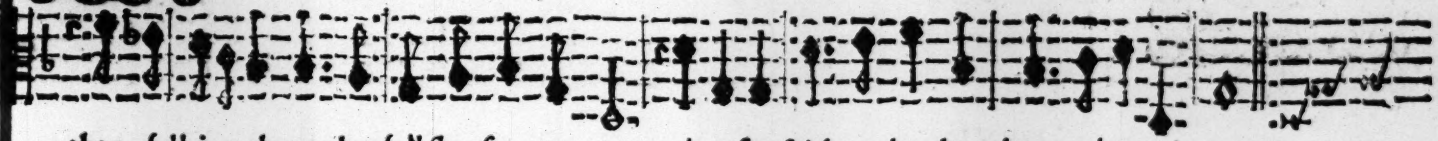


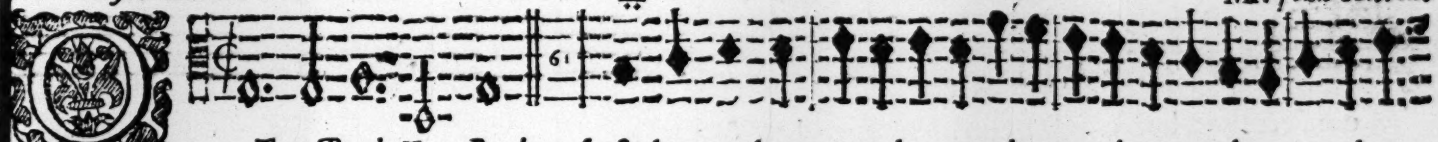
He pretty Larke climing the welkin cleer, chaunts with a cheer, heer, peer, I neer my deer,



then fall-ing thence, her fall she seems to rue, a due, she saith, a due deer, deer, a due, a due.

a. 3. Voc.

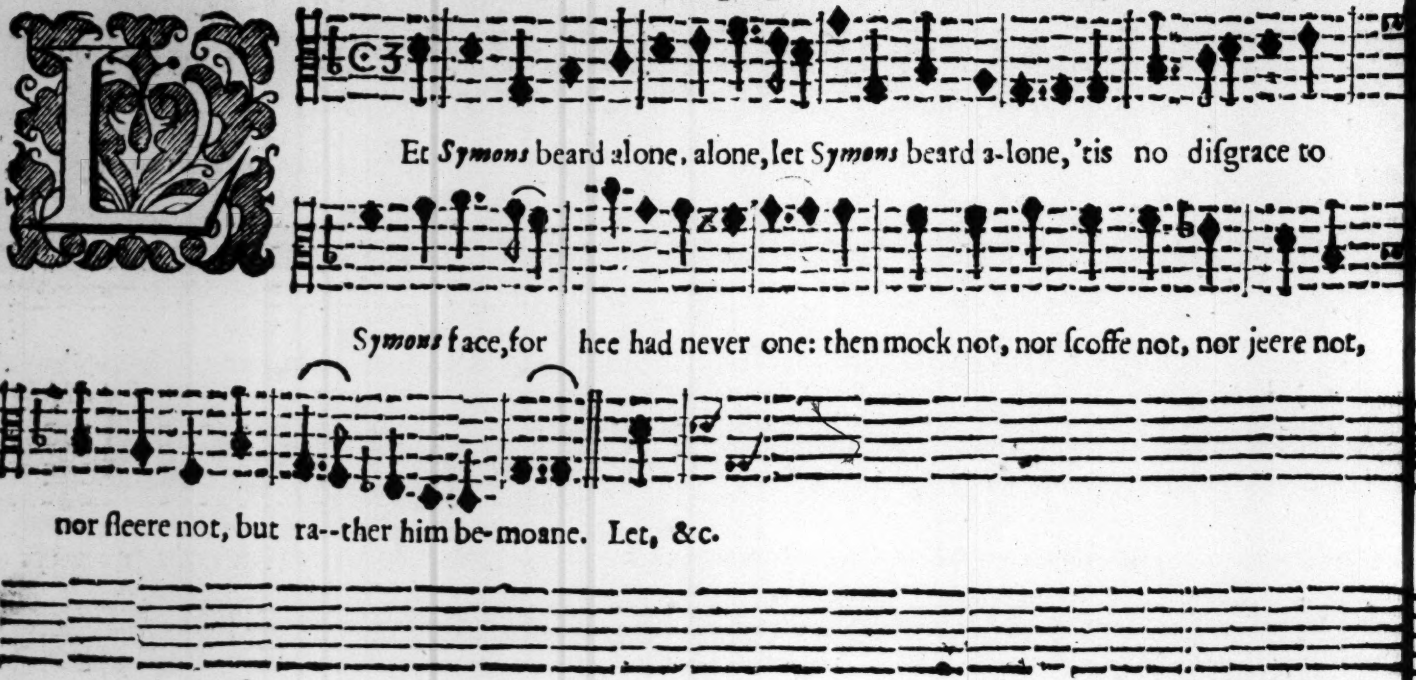
Mr. *John Hilton.*



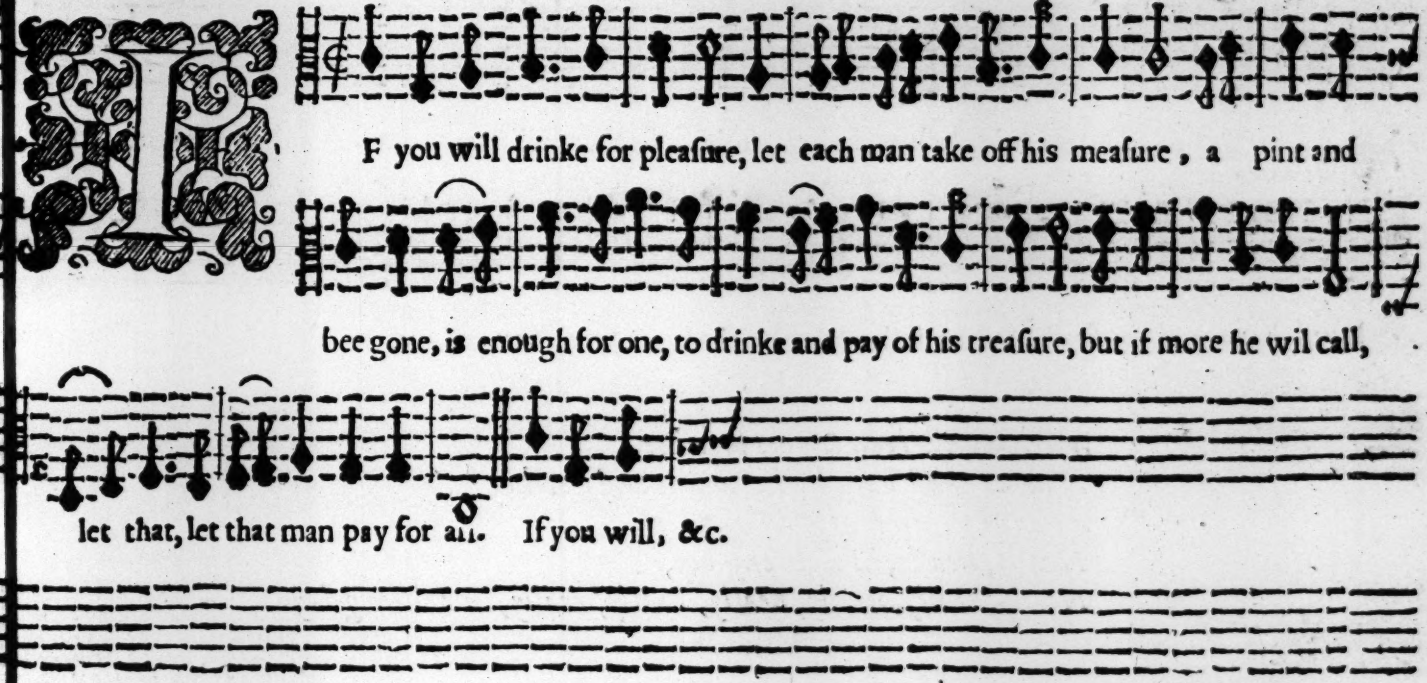
Tom Bouls, Tom Bouls, seest thou not how merrely, merrely, merrely, merrely, merrely,

met-re--ly: Ah how merrely, merrely, merrely, merrely: Ah this good, good, good, good, good, Ale trowles.

Mr. *John Hilton*



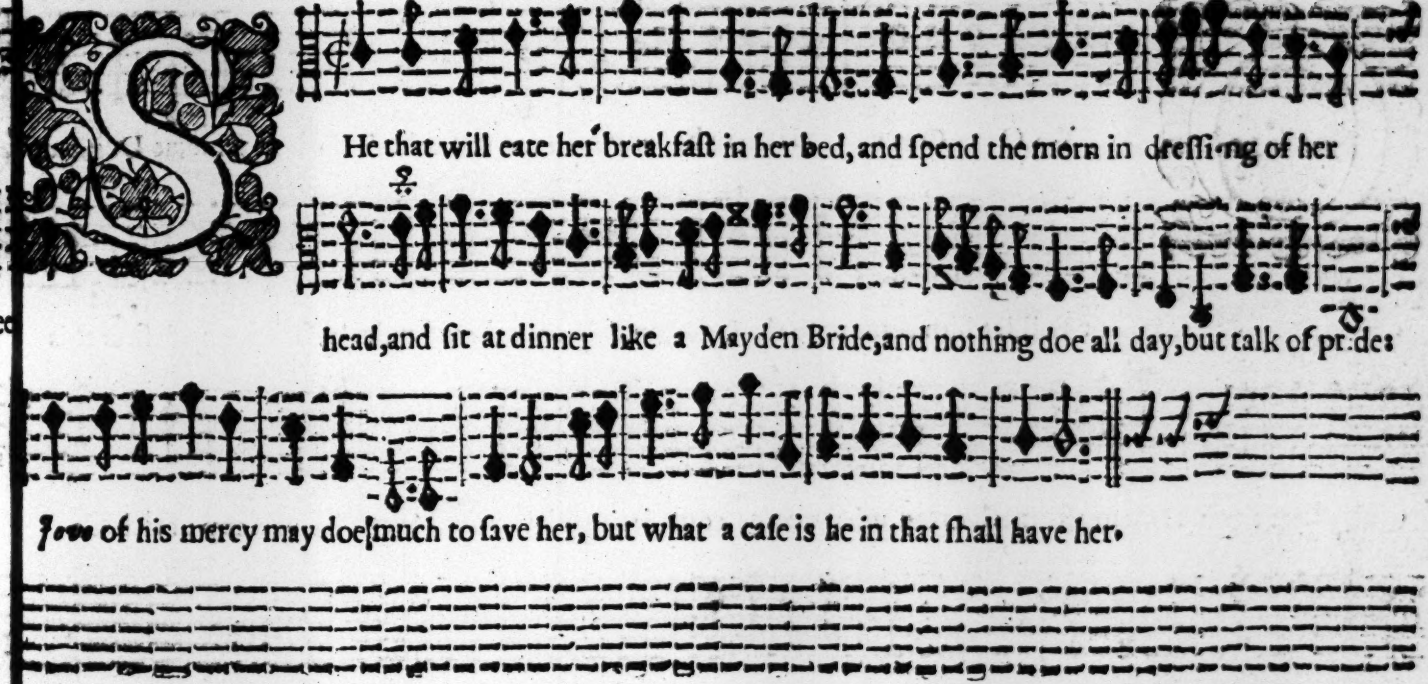
Mr. *John Hilton.*



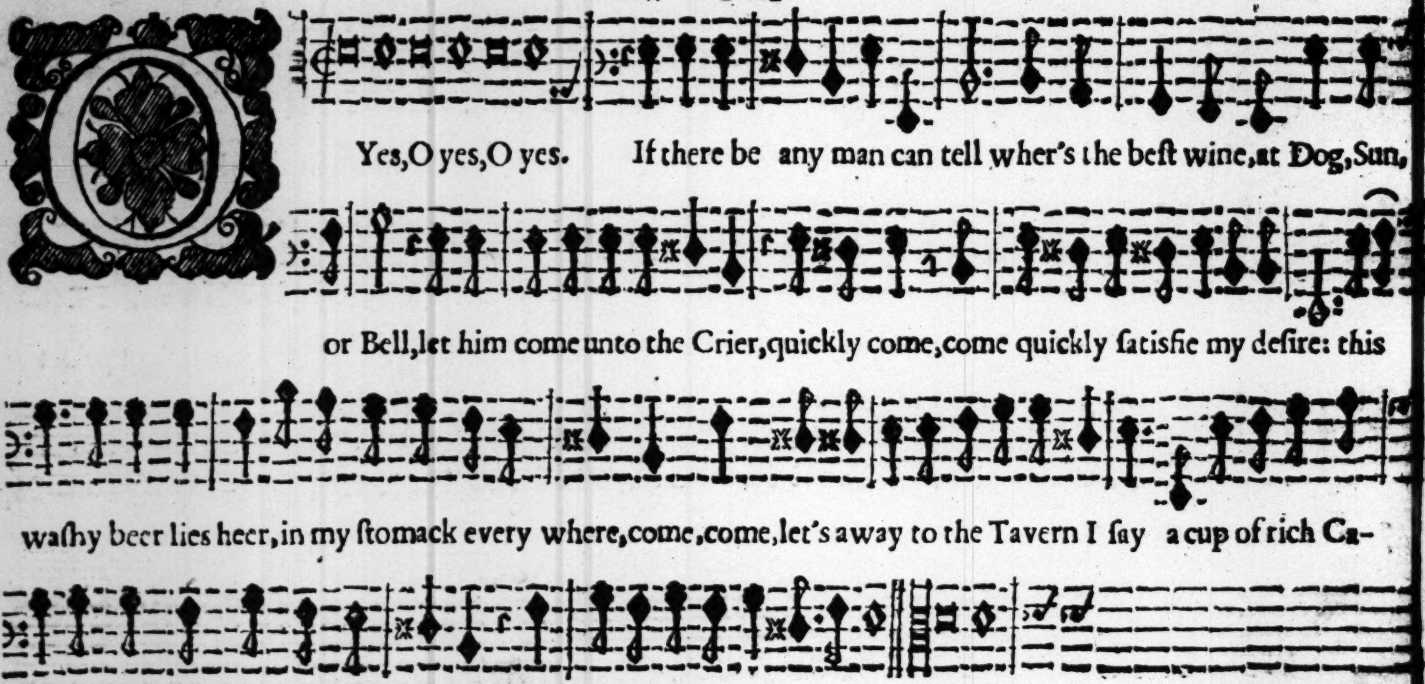
Mr. *John Hilton.*

Wee have oft been Rogues together,
Now we must hang 'twixt winde and weather:
We have oft time nipt a Bung boy
Neatly, neatly, in a throng boy,
Neatly, neatly, neatly, neatly, neatly, neatly, in a throng boy.

Mr. *John Hilton.*

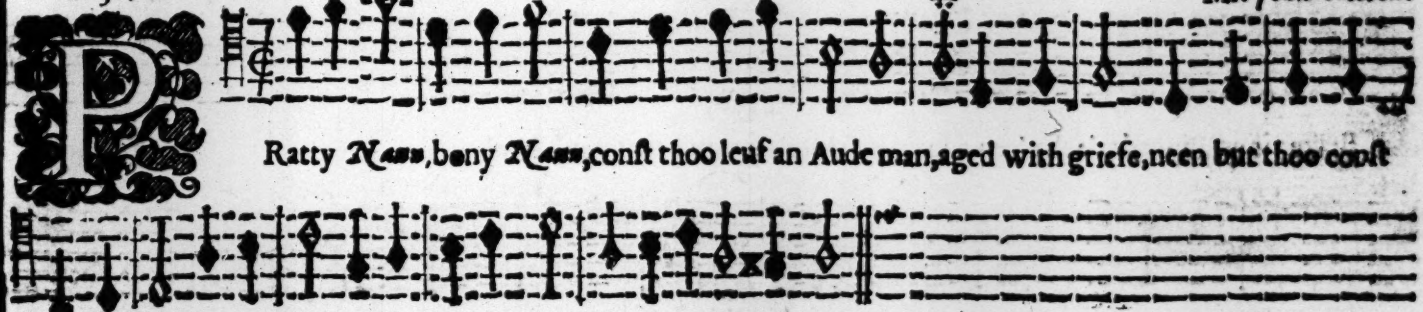


Mr. *John Hilton.*



Mr. *John Hilton*

a. 3. Voc. Mr. *John Hilton.*



Mr. *John Hilton.*

Se goe with thee my ſweet *Peggy*, my Honny, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

la, la, thous be welcome to me with thy mony, ſing fa, la, la, la, la, la. then

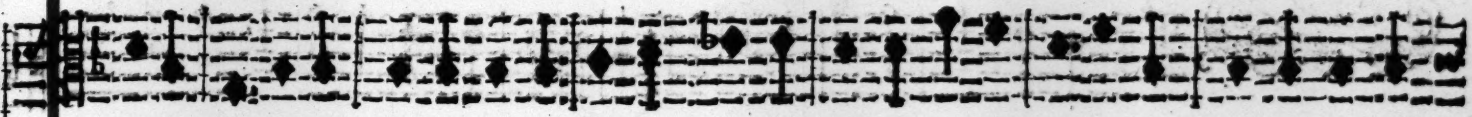
ſtrike it up Piper, let's ha 'een a ſpring gid feth ſir, and that you's ha, hey ding hey ding. Braſe your

Tabour, whilſt we labour, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, harke how the Drone, be--low a-lone doth Hum,

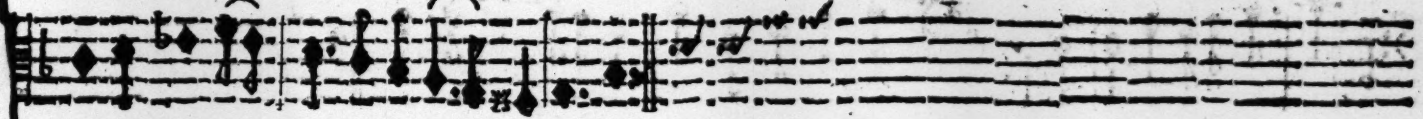
"Cold and Raw."

a. 3. Voc.

whilst my pigs ney cries fie, fie, fie, fie, I say no more but mum. Thou and I will foot it *Joe*, fa, la,



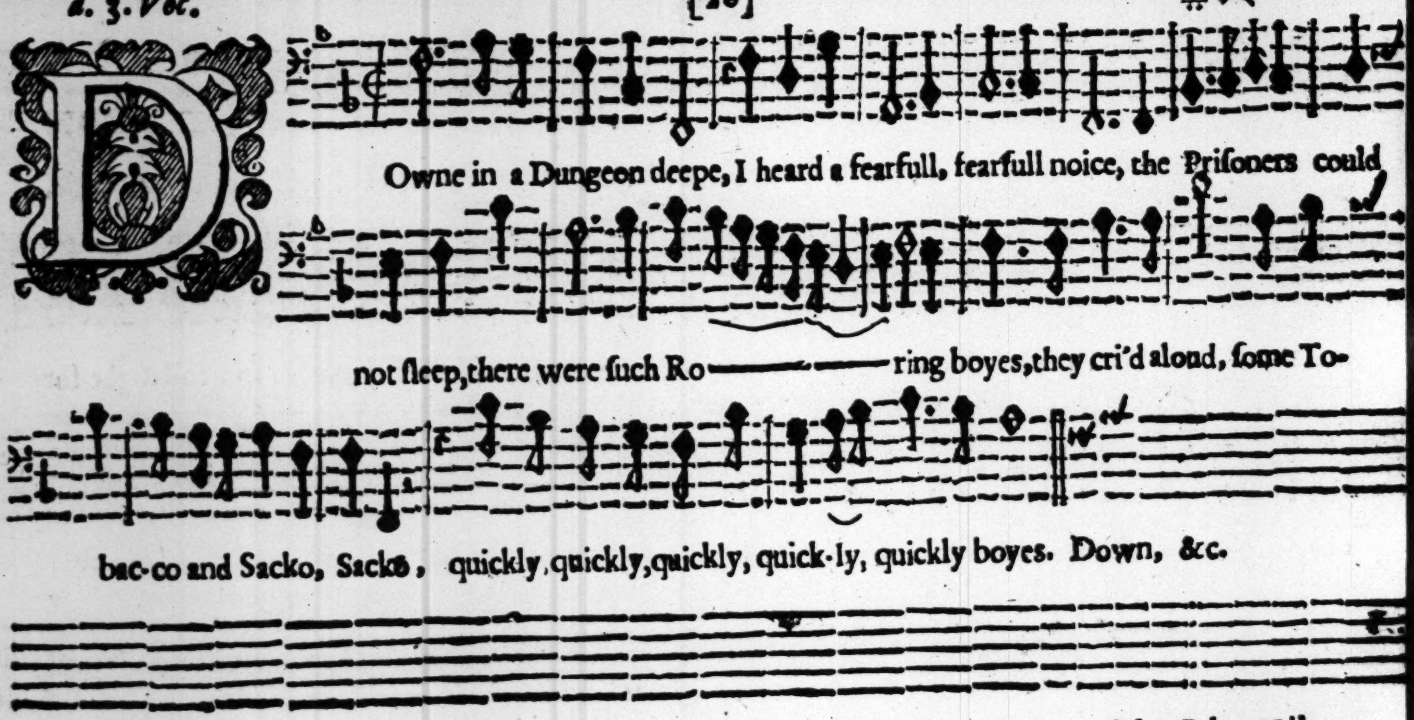
la, la, la, la, and what w'eel doe neene shall know, but taste the Juce of Bar-ly, wee'l sport all night for



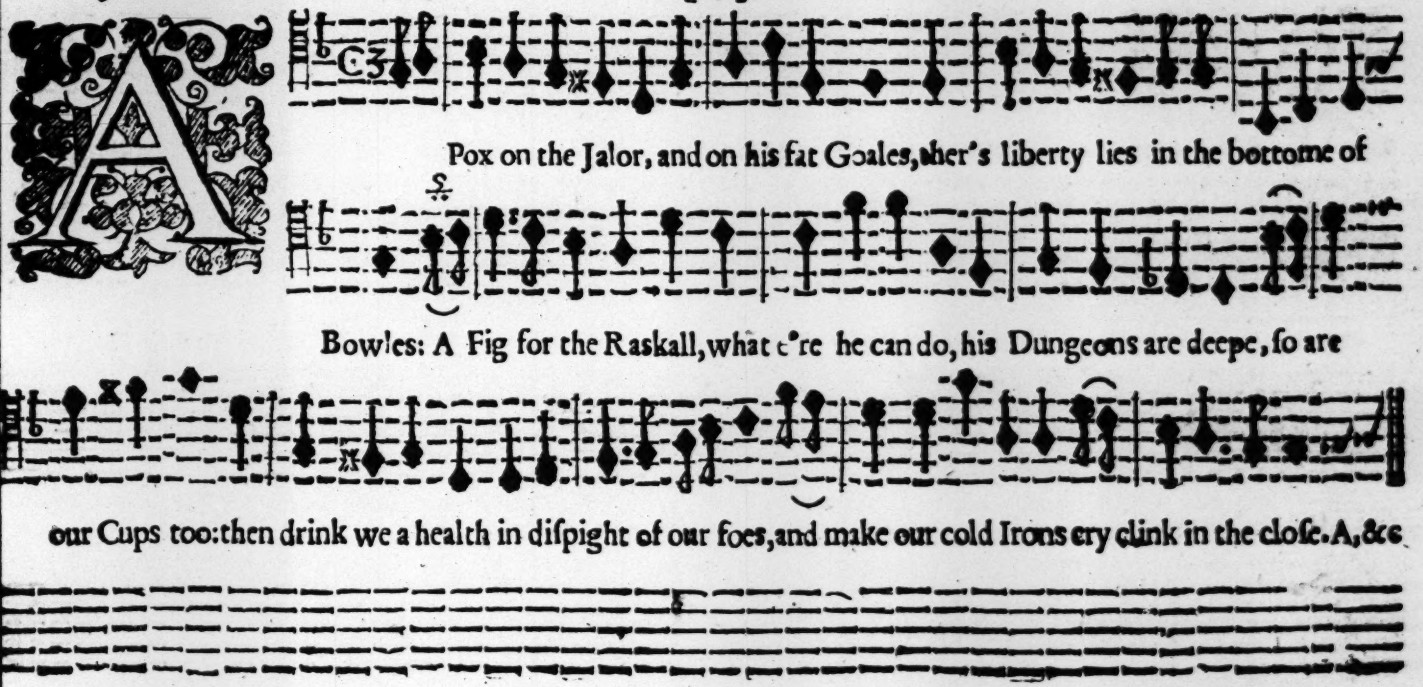
our delight, and home in the morning early.

N.B. The latter part of this Catch is taken from the favorite very old Scotch Tune called "Cold and Raw."

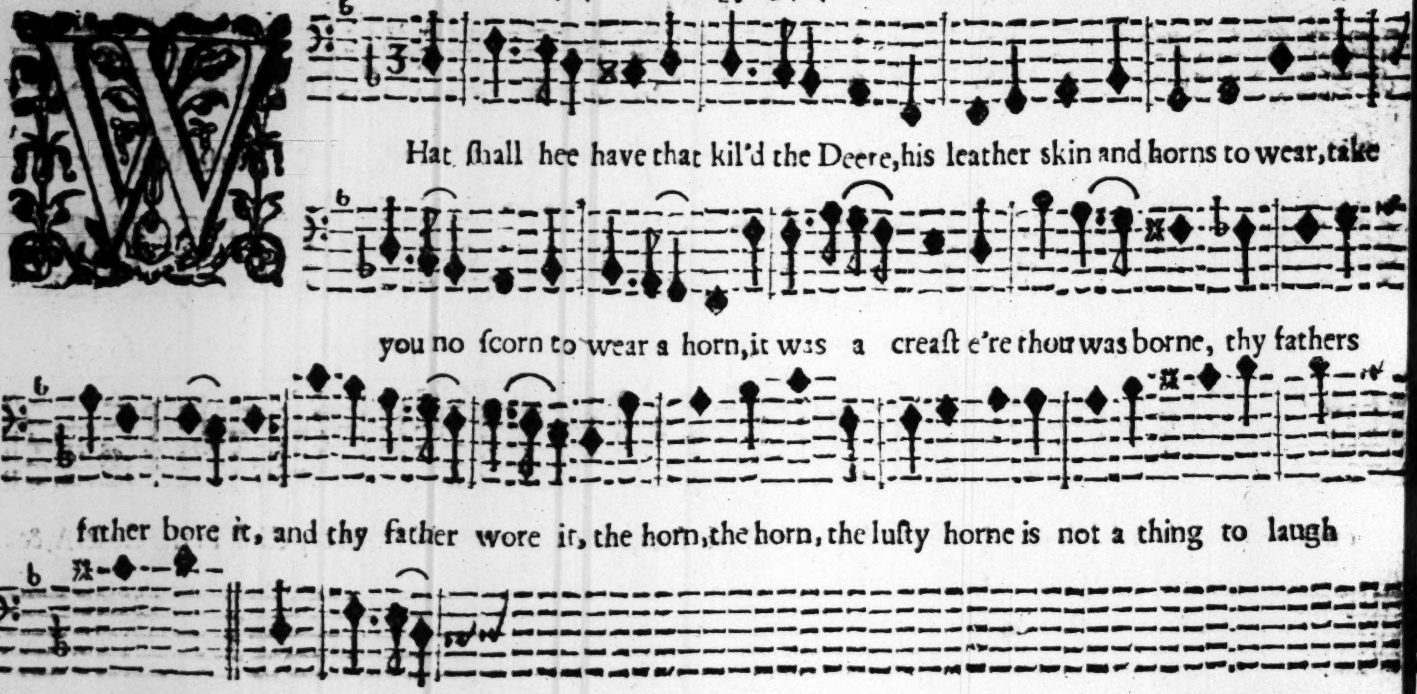
Mr. *John Hilton.*



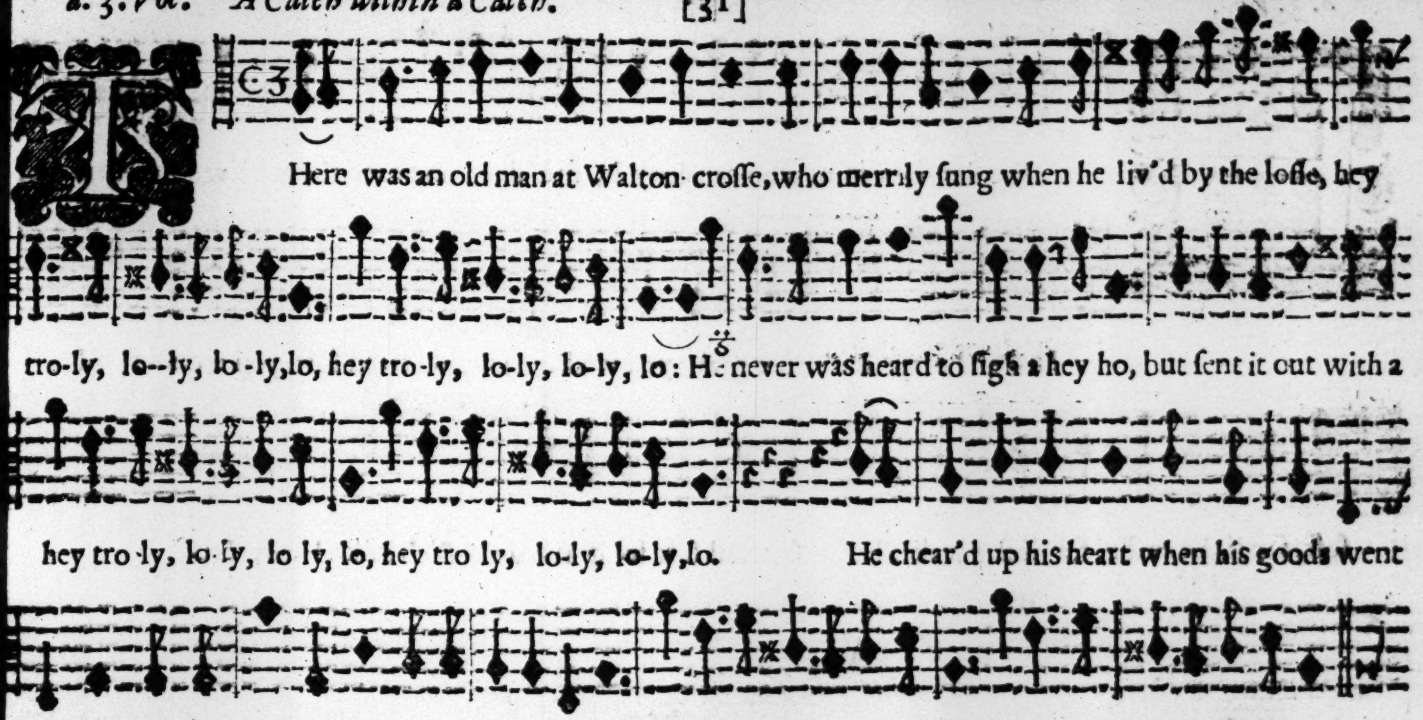
Mr. *John Hilton.*



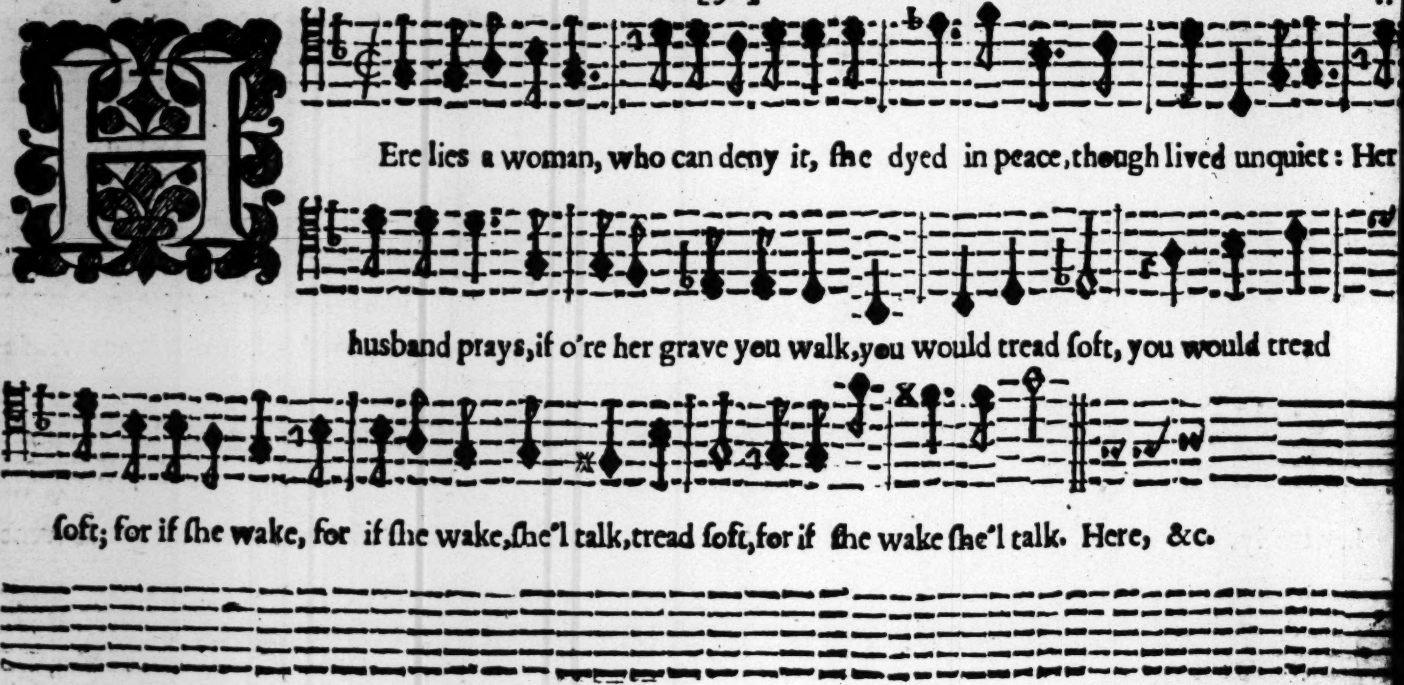
Mr. *John Hilton.*



Mr. *John Hilton.*

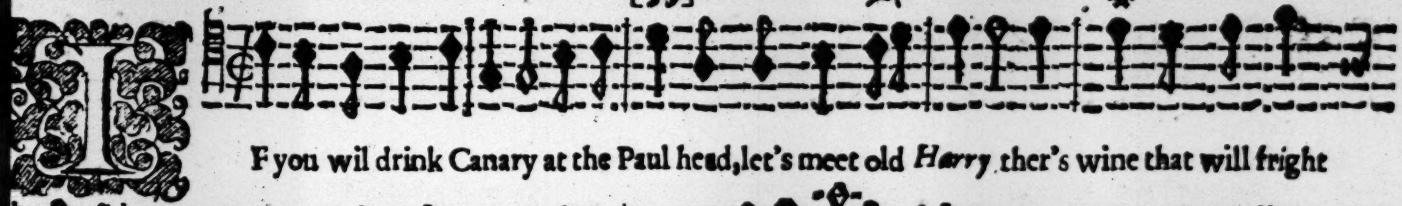


Mr. *John Hilton*



Mr. *John Hilton.*

a. 3. Voc.

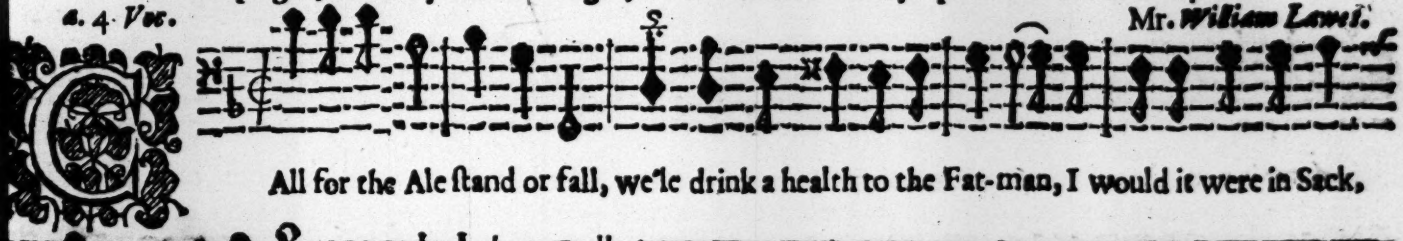


If you wil drink Canary at the Paul head, let's meet old *Harry* ther's wine that will fright

from the fearfull ſpright, the heavy cares of night, 'tis ſuch as above they ſip from the Palme of *Jove*.

Mr. *William Lawes.*

a. 4. Voc.



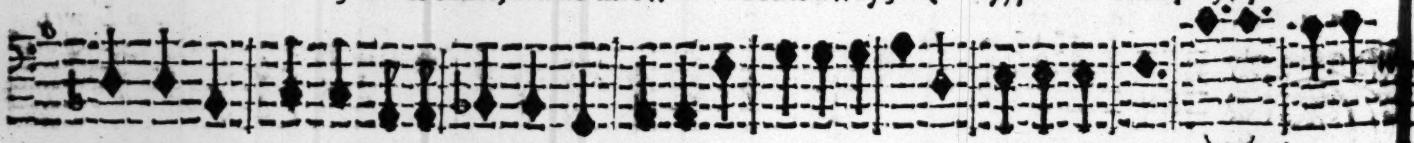
All for the Ale ſtand or fall, we'le drink a health to the Fat-man, I would it were in Sack,

though mony we lack, fill us to'ther Pot-man.

Mr. *William Lawes.*

Come let us caſt the Dice who ſhal drink, mine is *twelve*, and his *fiue ſink*, *ſix* and

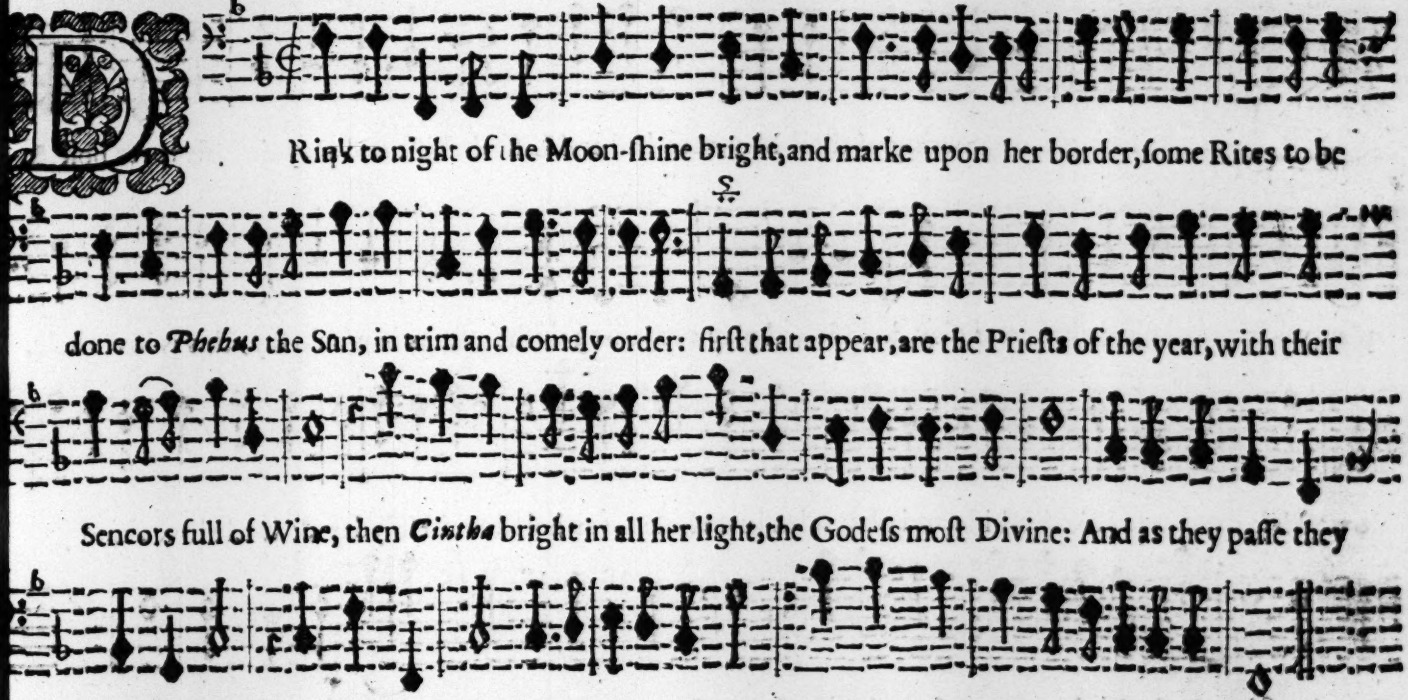
foure is thine, and he threw *nine*: Come away *ſinke tray*, *fiue ace* faire play, *quater*



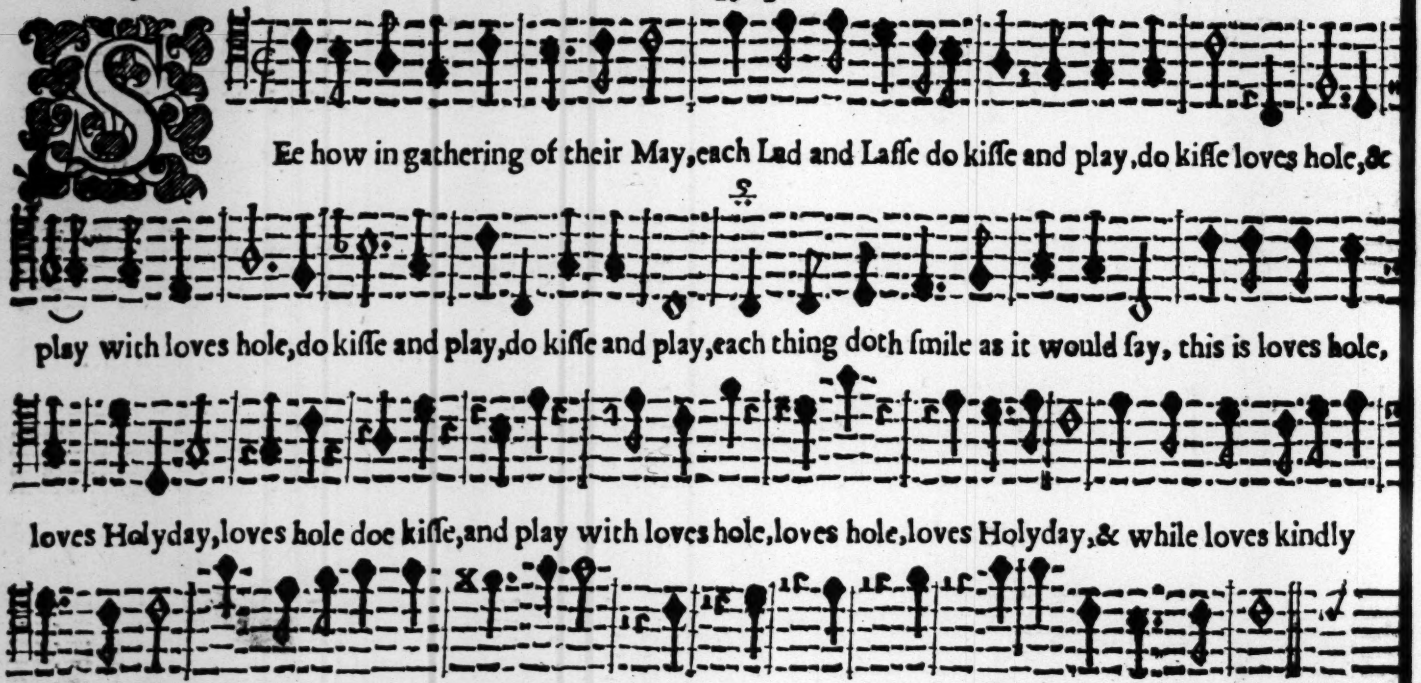
deuce is your throw Sir, *quater ace*, they run low Sir, two *deuces* I ſee, *deuce ace* is but three. Oh where is

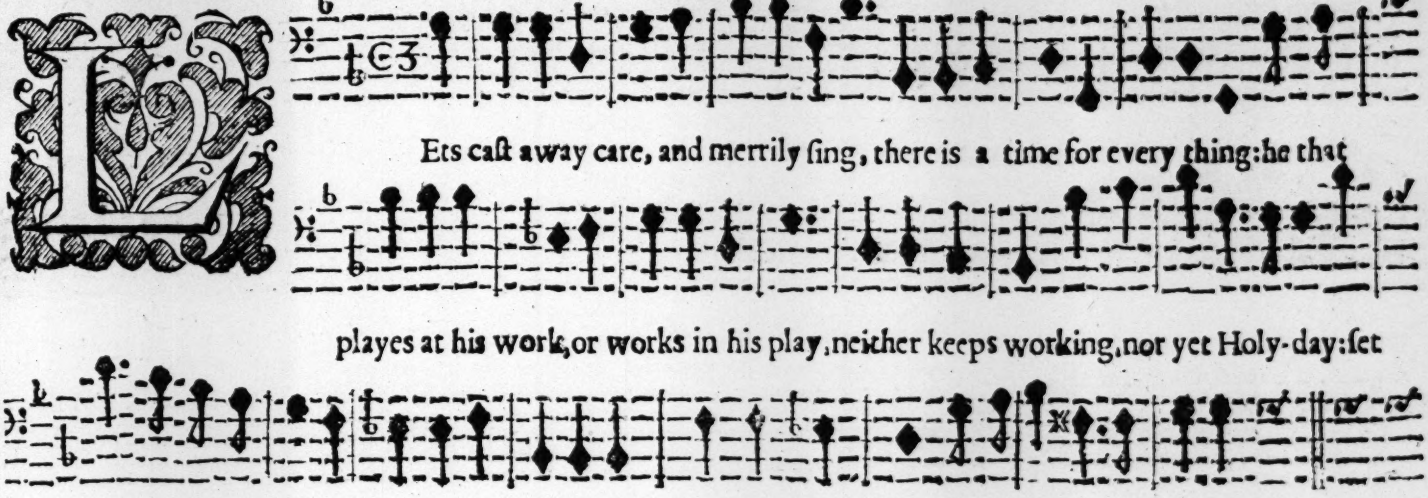
the wine, come fill up his Glaſſe, for heere is the man hath thrown *Ams Ace*.

M^r. *William Lawes*

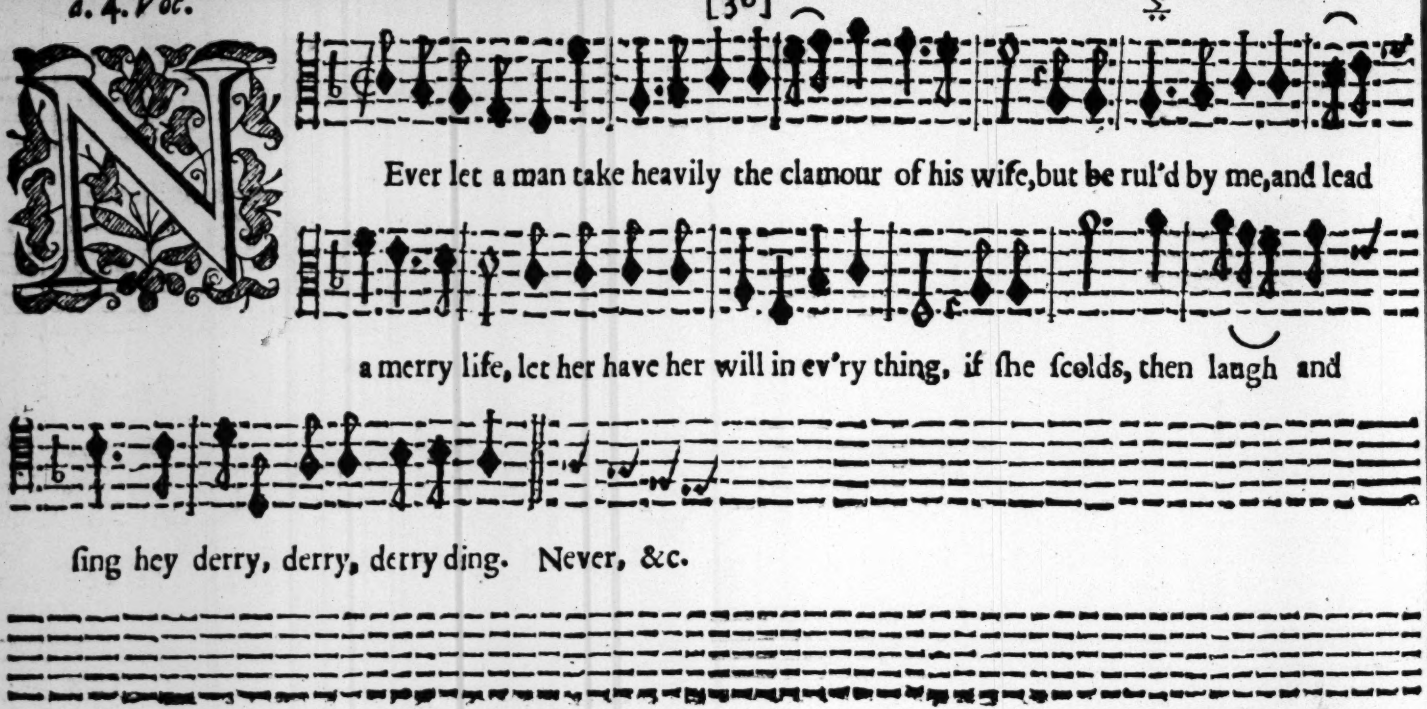


Mr. *William Lawes.*

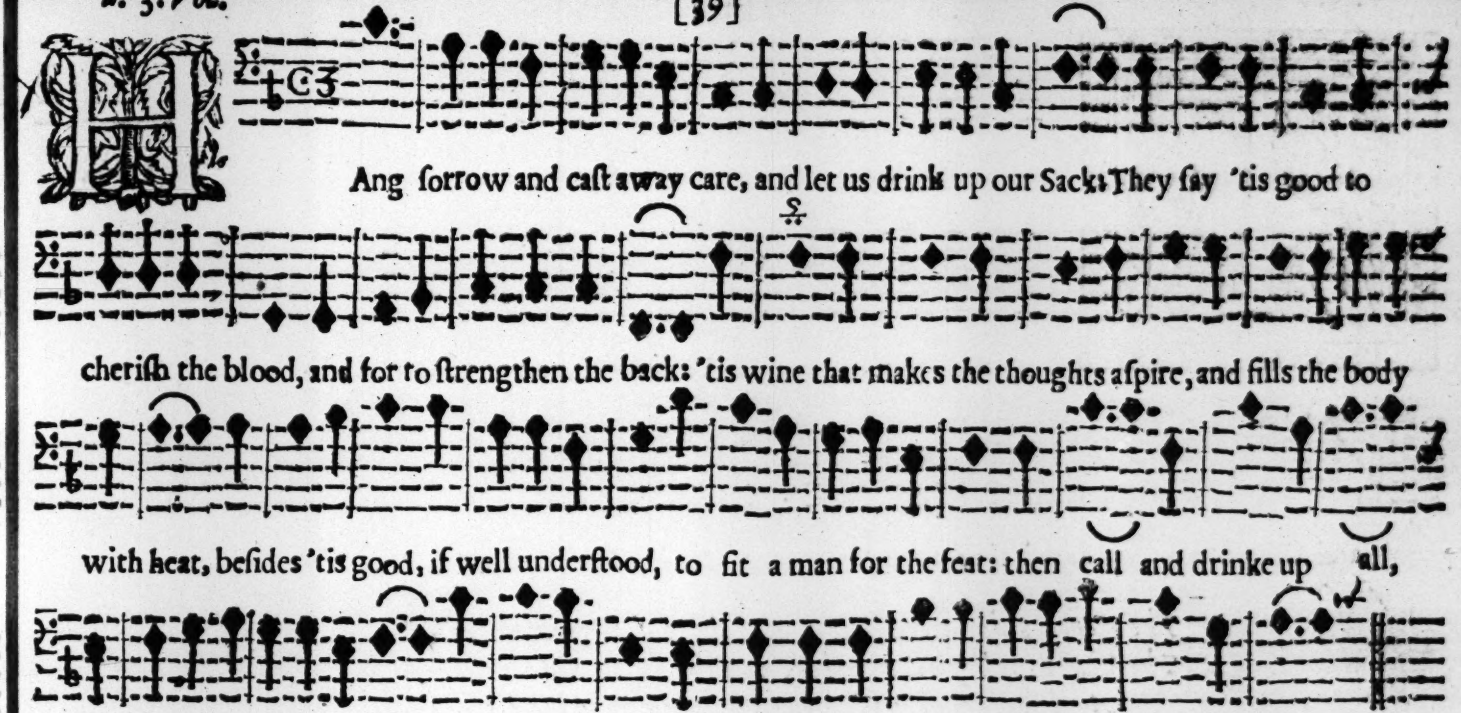

See how in gathering of their May, each Lad and Lasse do kisse and play, do kisse loves hole, &c
play with loves hole, do kisse and play, do kisse and play, each thing doth smile as it would say, this is loves hole,
loves Holyday, loves hole doe kisse, and play with loves hole, loves hole, loves Holyday, & while loves kindly
sists doe sting, hark Philomell doth sweetly sing, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, doth sweetly sing. See, &
Mr. William Lan



Mr. *William Lawes.*



Mr. William Lawes.


Hang sorrow and cast away care, and let us drink up our Sack: They say 'tis good to
cherish the blood, and for to strengthen the back: 'tis wine that makes the thoughts aspire, and fills the body
with heat, besides 'tis good, if well understood, to fit a man for the feat: then call and drinke up all,
the Drawer is ready to fill, a pox of care, what need we to spare, my father hath made his Will.

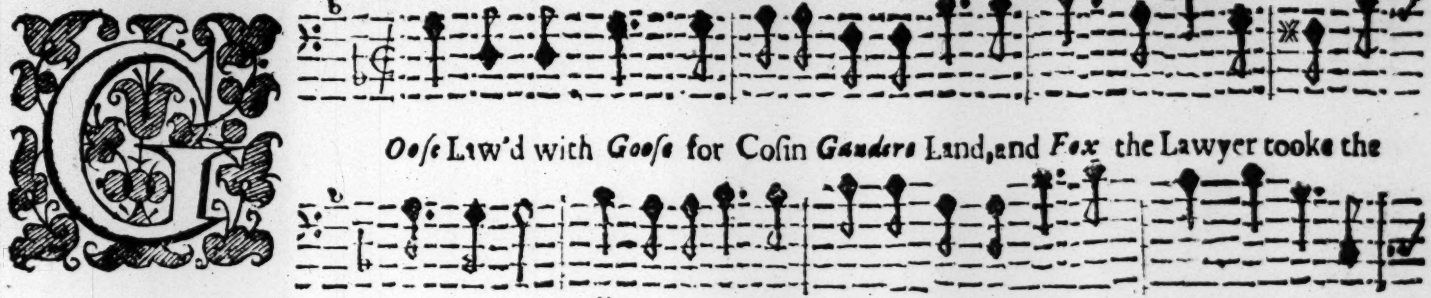
He Wiſe men were but ſeaven, nee'r more ſhall be for mee. The Muſes

were but nine. The Worthies three times three. And three merry boyes,

and three merry boyes, and three merry boyes are wee. The Wiſe men, &c.

The Vertues they were ſeven, and three the greater bee;
The Cæſars they were twelve, and the fatall Sifters three.
And three merry Girles, and three merry Girles are wee,

Mr. *William Lawes.*



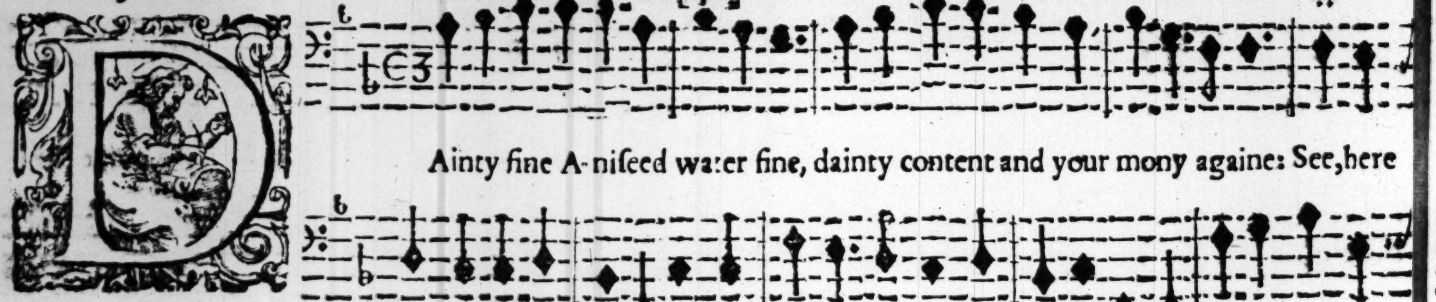
Goose Law'd with *Goose* for Cosin *Ganders* Land, and *Fox* the Lawyer tooke the

Cause in hand: Term being ended, Judgement did proceed, like Fooles they met, &

Beggers they agreed: Then to dig, and delve, and plough, both went, to get by paine what Idly

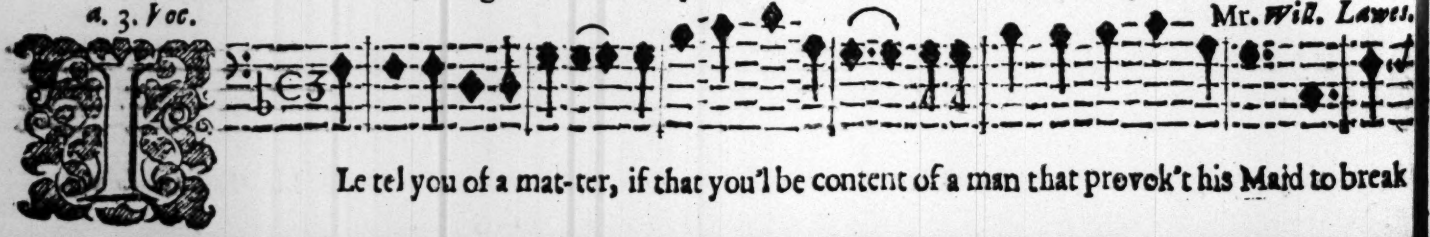
they had spent. *Goose* law'd, &c.

Mr. *William Lawes.*

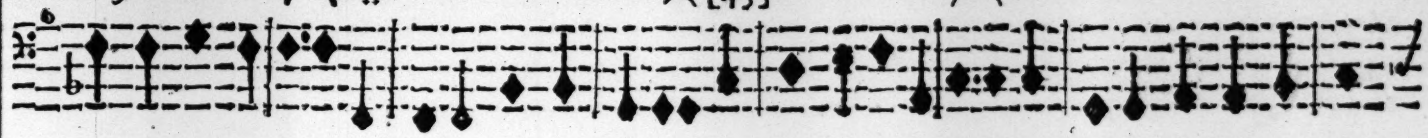


Dainty fine A-niseed water fine, dainty content and your mony againe: See, here comes *Robin* Hermophradite, hot Waters he cries for his delight: he got a Child of a Maid, and yet is no man, was got with child by a man, and is no woman. Dainty fine, &c.

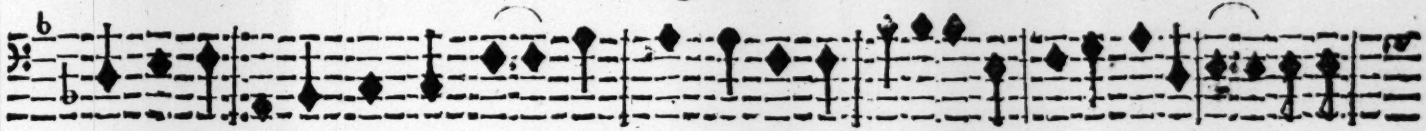
a. 3. Voc. Mr. *Will. Lawes.*



Le tel you of a mat-ter, if that you'l be content of a man that provok't his Maid to break



the Commandement. At firſt ſhe was not willing, for ſhame to do the ſame, for twenty ſhillings, I vow



quoth ſhe, I will not wrong my Dame: Thy Dame's a good old woman, but taketh no delight, for a

man that lieth by her ſide, muſt not touch her all the night. I'le tell, &c.

She's troubled with the Cramp,
Her Crupper bone is lame,
But the Maid cries out, piſh, fie, away,
You muſt not wrong my Dame.

As ſoone as he had done it,
He tooke her in his arme,
My Hony, my Love, my turtle Dove,
Have I done you any harme?

Have I done you any hurt?
Haſt thou done any ſhame?
We might have done thrice as much.
And never have wrong'd thy Dame.

Mr. *William Lawes.*

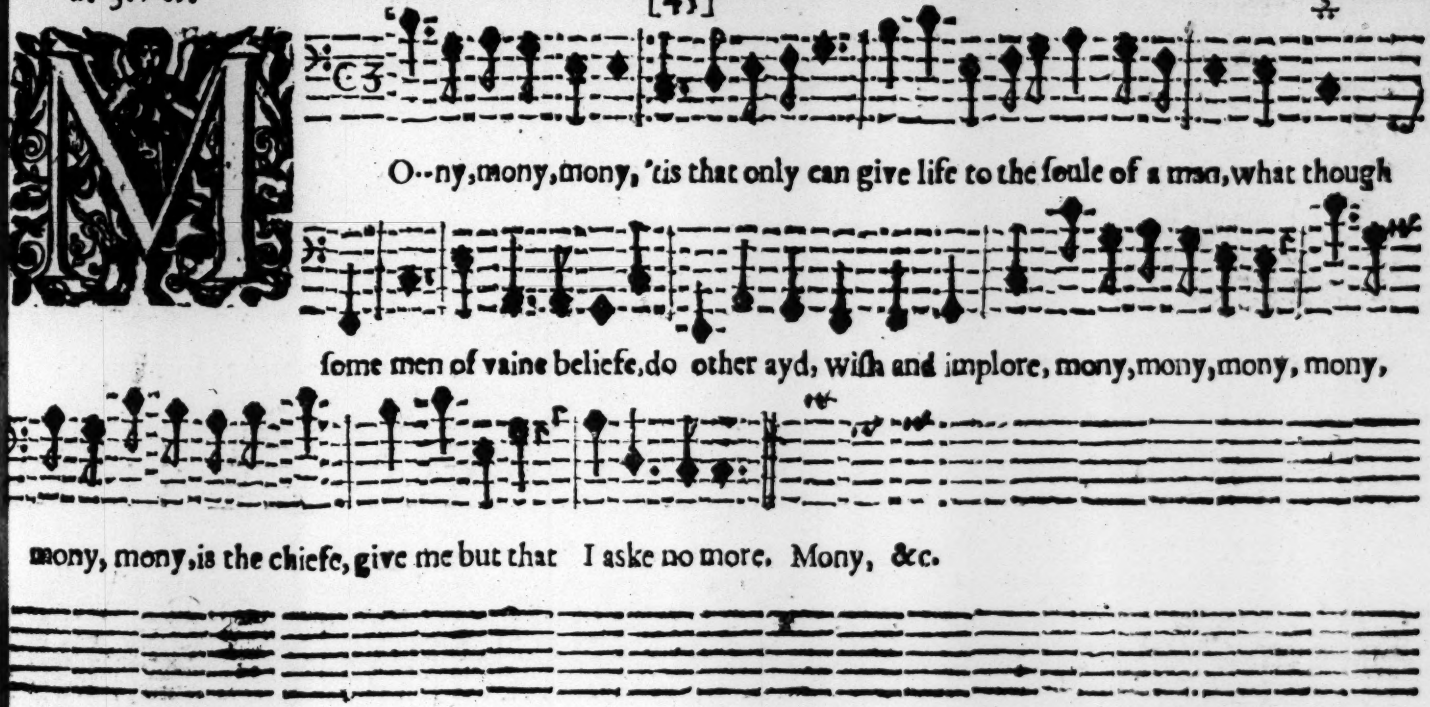
Hew a Roome, ſhew a Roome, ſhew a Roome, heer's a Knot of good fellows are

come that mean for to be merry, with Clarret and with Sherry, each man to mirth him-

ſelfe diſpoſes, and for the Reckning tell Noſes, give the red noſe ſome white, and the pale noſe ſome Clarret,

but the noſe that lookes Blew, give him a cup of Sack, 'twil mend his hew. Shew a Roeme, &c.

Mr. Thomas Holmes



Mr. *Thomas Holmes.*

C3

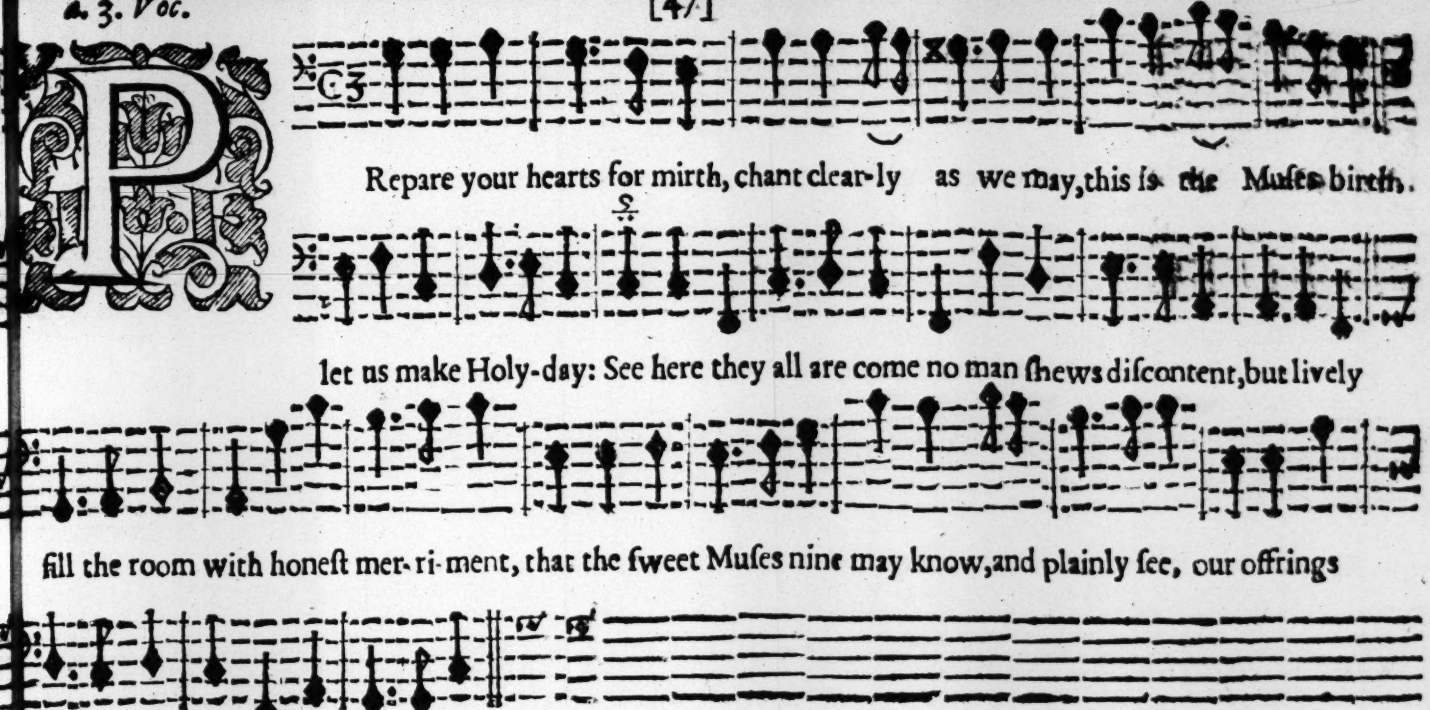
Hat are we met, come lets ſee if here's enough to ſing this glee, look about, count

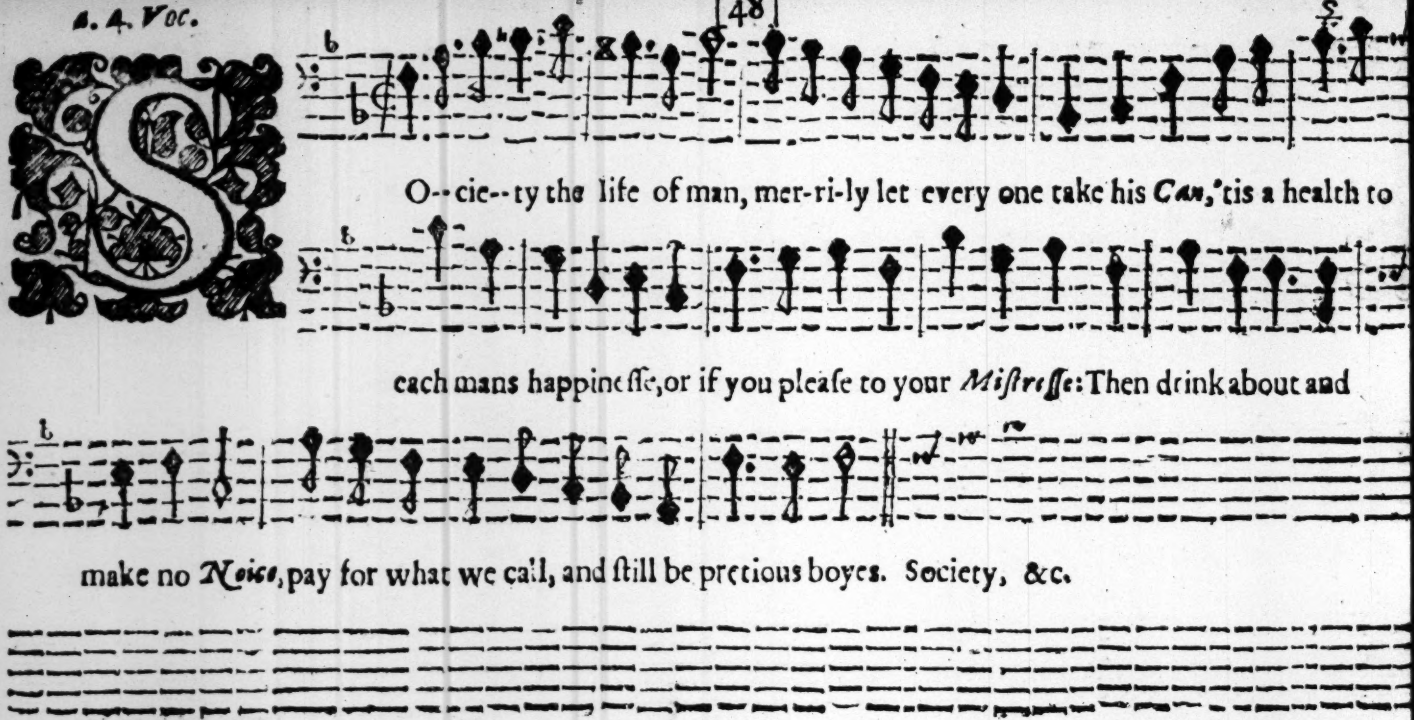
your number, ſinging will keep us from crazy ſlumber, 1. 2. and 3. ſo many there

be that can ſing, the reſt for wine may ring, here is *Tom Jack & Harry*, ſing away & do not tarry, merrily now

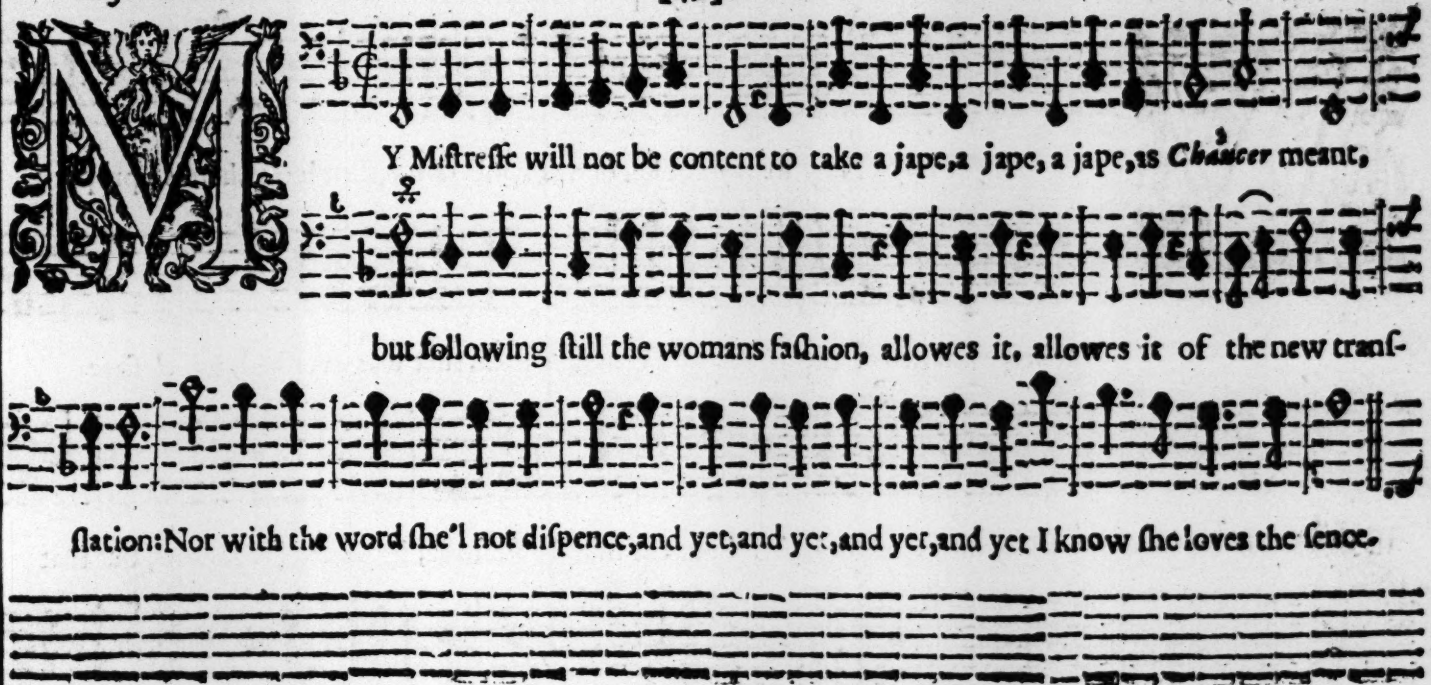
lets ſing, carouſ & tiple, heres Briſtow milk com ſuck this niple, ther's a fault ſir, never halt ſir before a Criple.

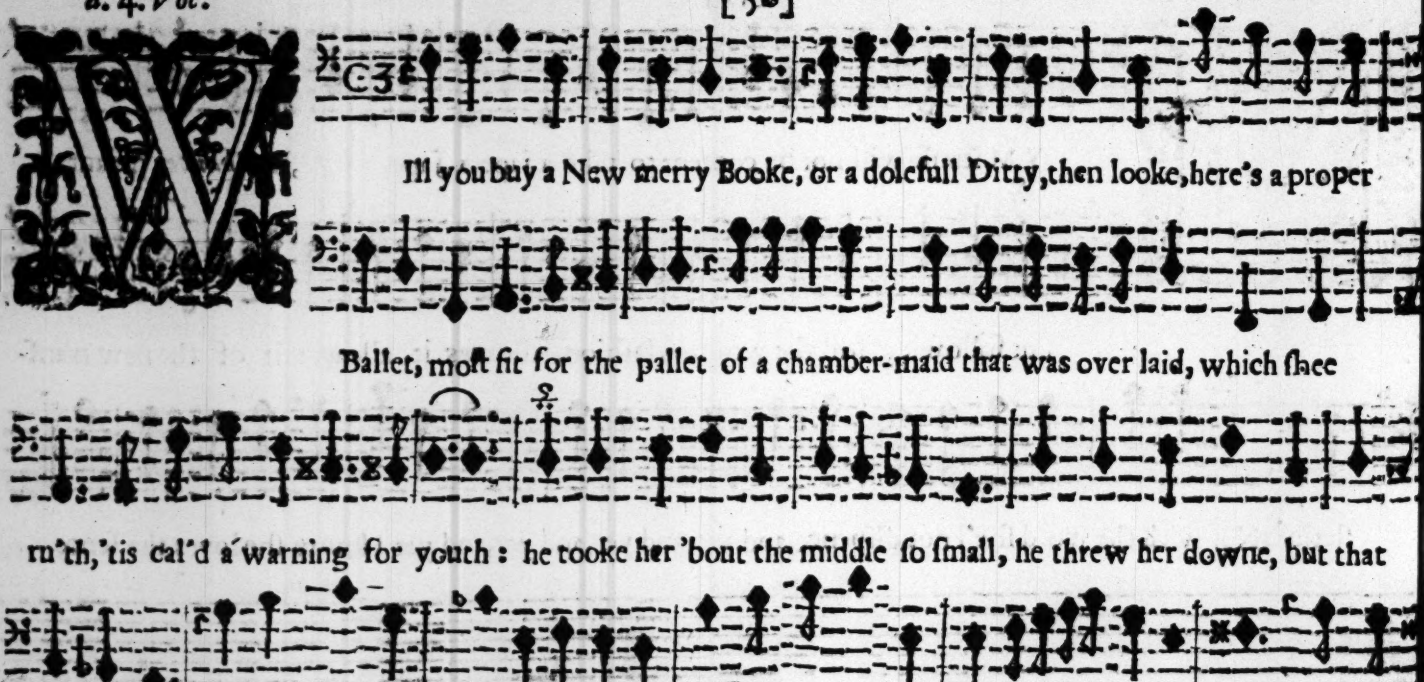
Mr. *Thomas Holmes*

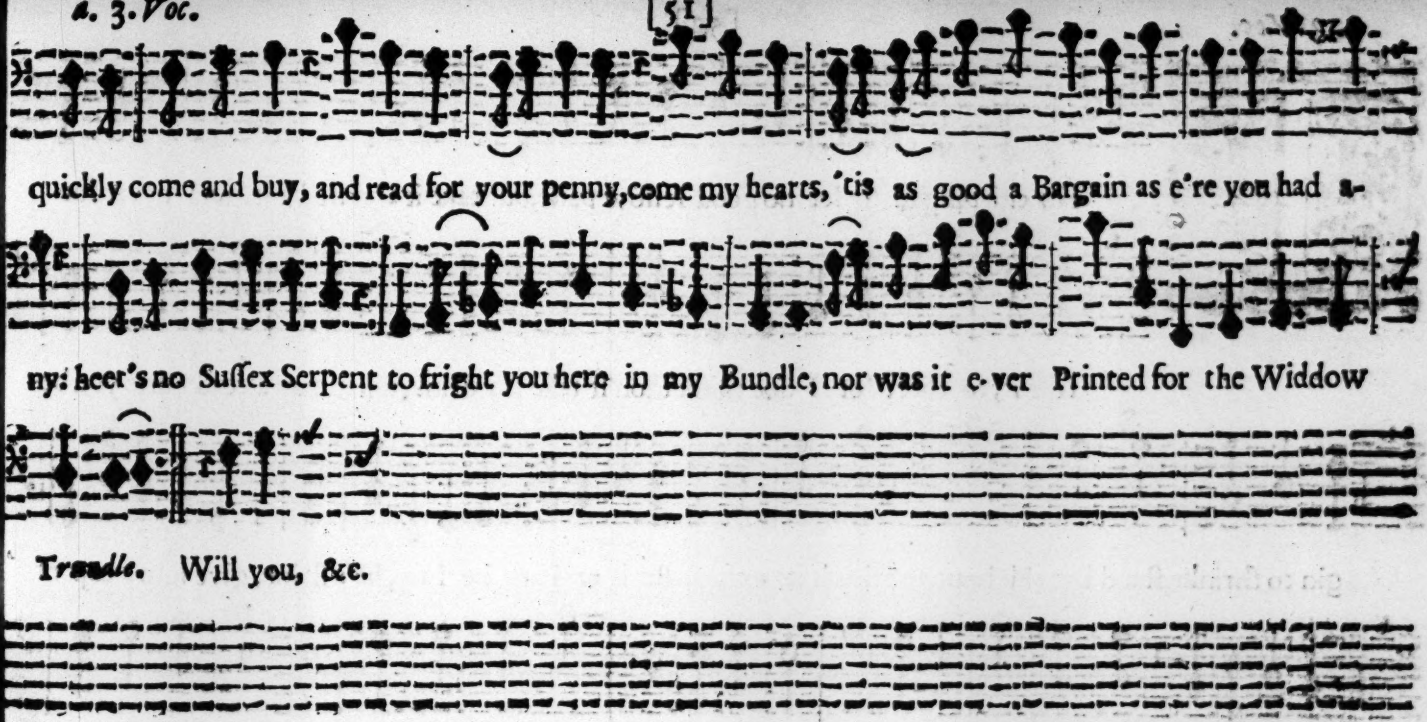

Repare your hearts for mirth, chant clear-ly as we may, this is the Muſes birth.
let us make Holy-day: See here they all are come no man ſhews diſcontent, but lively
fill the room with honeſt mer-ri-ment, that the ſweet Muſes nine may know, and plainly ſee, our offrings
at the Shrine is Love and Harmony. Prepare, &c.
Mr. Thomas Holmes.



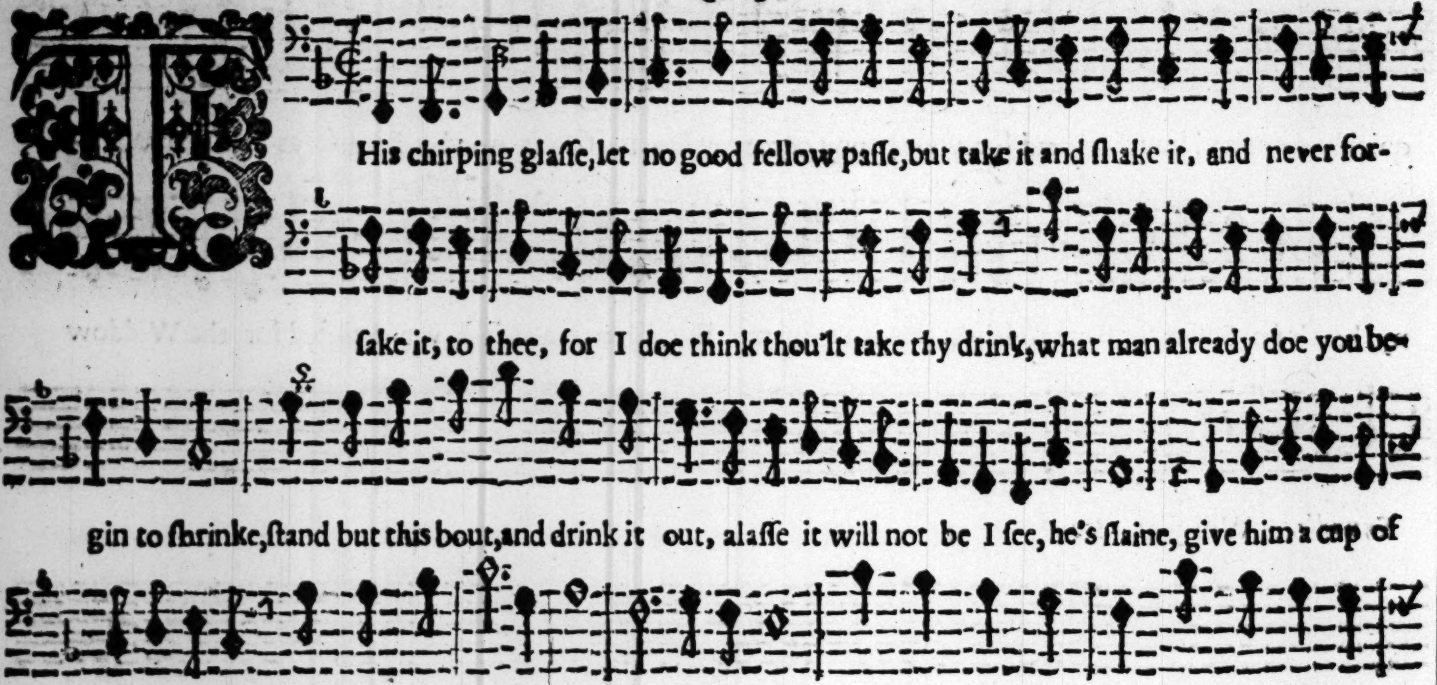
Mr. *Thomas Holmes.*


MY Miſtreſſe will not be content to take a jape, a jape, a jape, as Chaucer meant,
but following ſtill the womans faſhion, allowes it, allowes it of the new tranſ-
ſlation: Nor with the word ſhe'l not diſpence, and yet, and yet, and yet, and yet I know ſhe loves the ſence.


Ill you buy a New merry Booke, or a dolefull Ditty, then looke, here's a proper
Ballet, moſt fit for the pallet of a chamber-maid that was over laid, which ſhee
rn'th, 'tis cal'd a warning for youth: he tooke her 'bout the middle ſo ſmall, he threw her downe, but that
was not all, I ſhould howl out-right, to tel of the reſt, how this poor-a maid was over preſt, therefore



Mr. *Thomas Holmes.*


His chirping glaſſe, let no good fellow paſſe, but take it and ſhake it, and never for-
ſake it, to thee, for I doe think thou'lt take thy drink, what man already doe you be-
gin to ſhrinke, ſtand but this bout, and drink it out, alaſſe it will not be I ſee, he's ſlaine, give him a cup of
rich Ca-na-ry, 'twil make him riſe againe, no, 'tis in vaine, ding, dong, ding, dong bell, thus we ring his

Knell, by the force of old Ca--na--ry he fell, ſo Blade farewell. This, &c

Mr. *Thomas Holmes.*

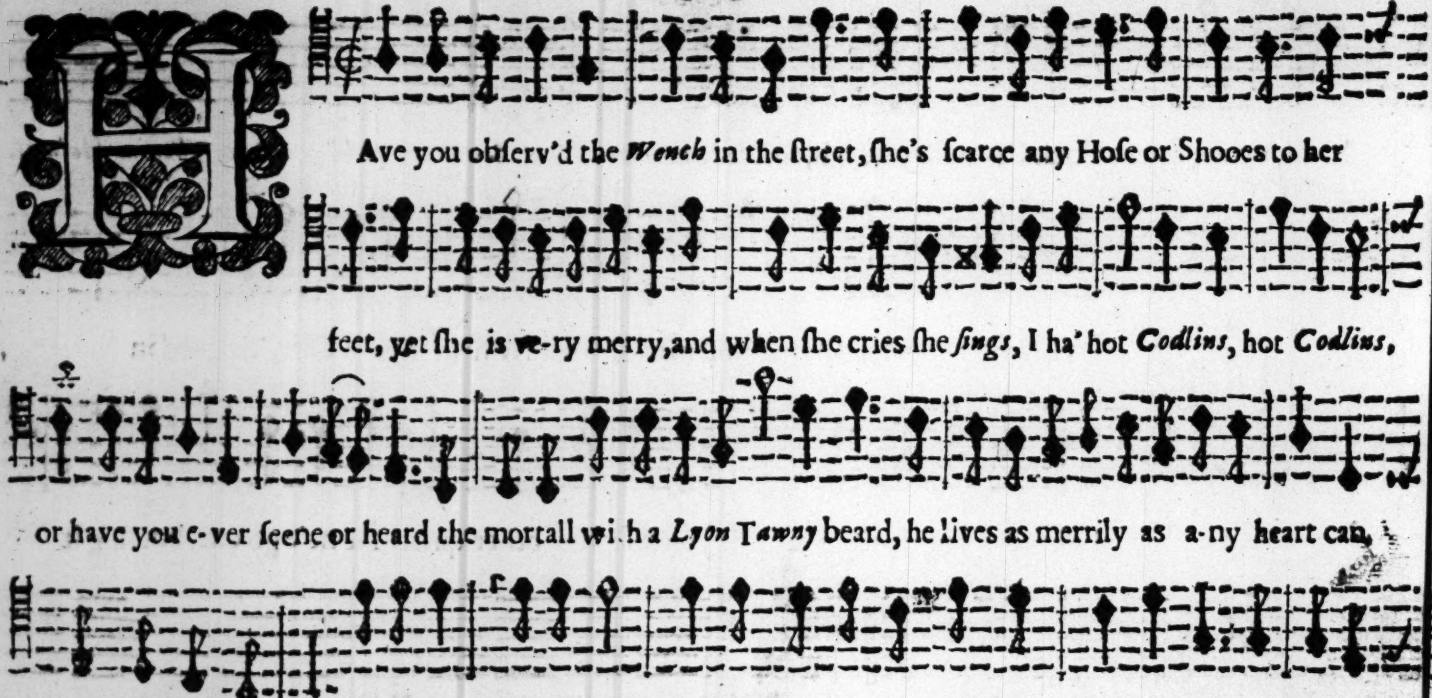
a. 3. Voc.

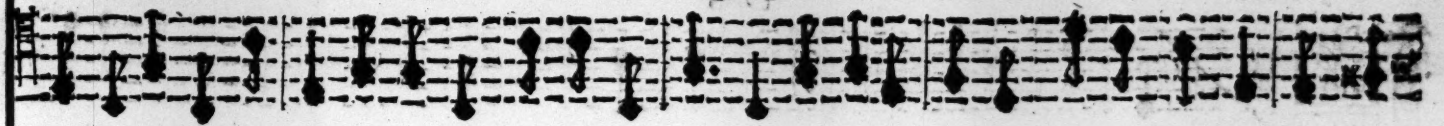
His geere goes hard, 'tis almoſt mar'd, 'tis driv'n ſo like a Cart, 'tis good in

ſight, then ſing it right, or elſe you loſe the other quart: I'le ne'r go out, but ſing it

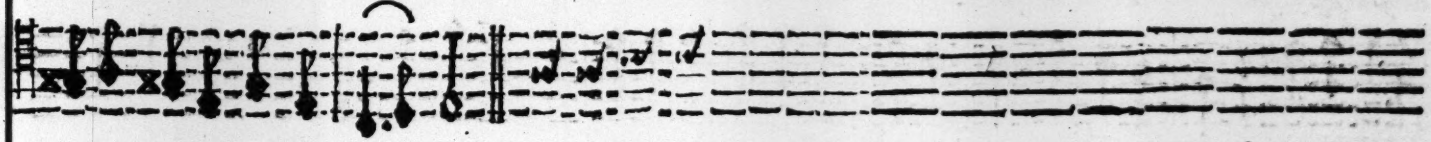
right three times about, and friendly part. This geere, &c.

Mr. *Thomas Holmes.*


Have you obſerv'd the Wench in the ſtreet, ſhe's ſcarce any Hoſe or Shooes to her
feet, yet ſhe is ve-ry merry, and when ſhe cries ſhe ſings, I ha' hot Codlins, hot Codlins,
or have you e-ver ſeene or heard the mortall wi h a Lyon Tawny beard, he lives as merrily as a-ny heart can,
wiſh, and ſtill he cries, buy a Briſh, buy a Briſh, ſince theſe are merry, why ſhould we take care, Muſitions



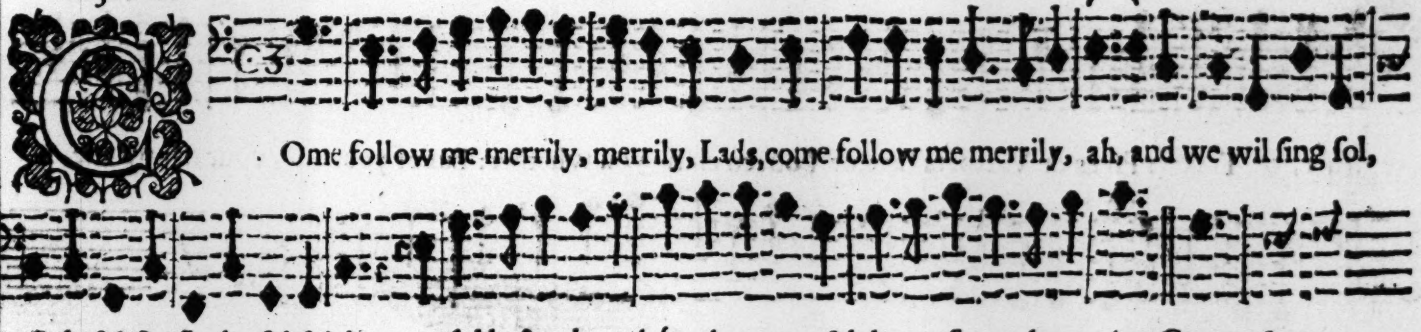
like Camelians muſt live by the Ayre: then let's be Blith and bonny, and no good meeting Baulk, for when we



have no mo-ny, we ſhall finde Chalk. Have you obſerv'd, &c.

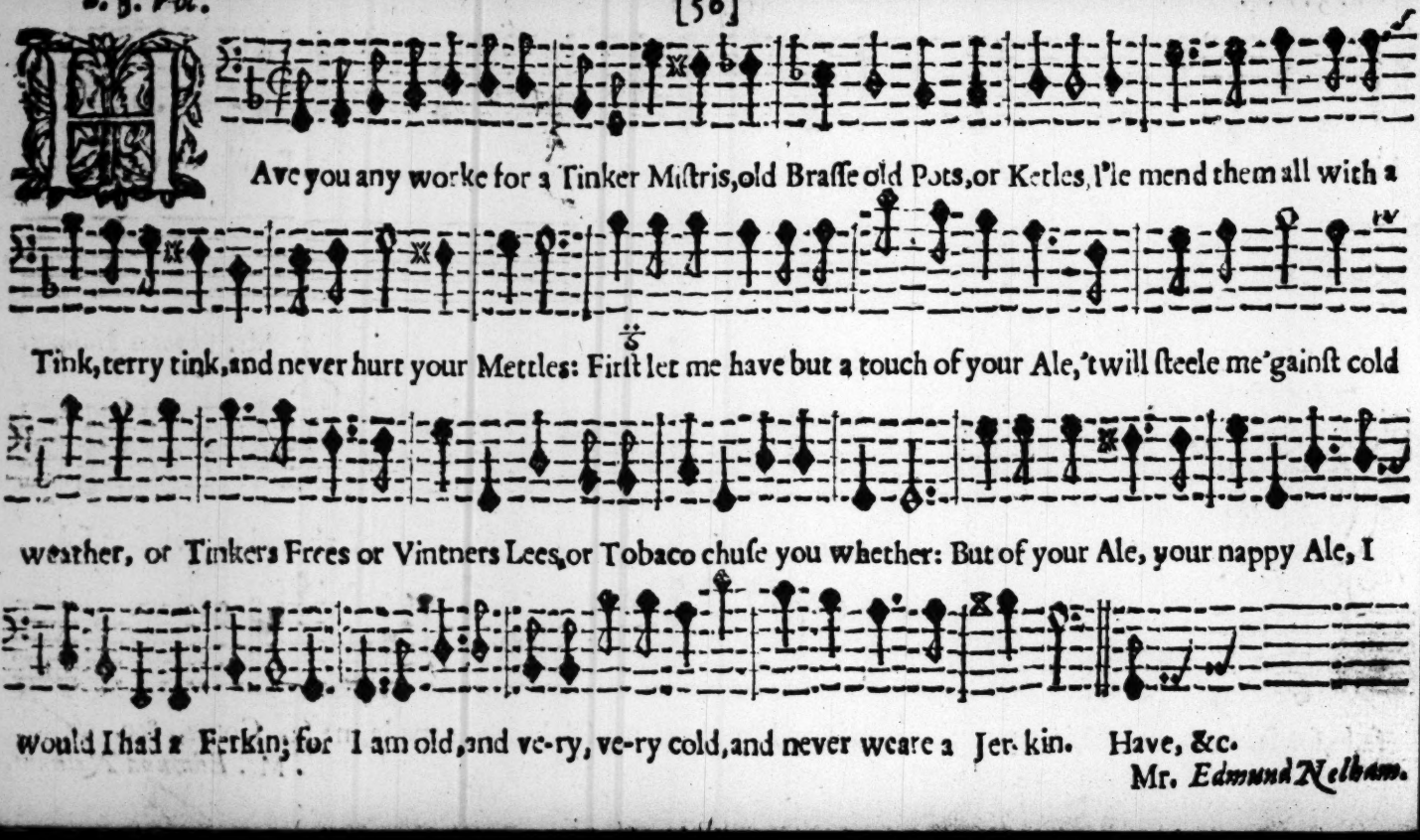
Mr. *Thomas Holmes.*

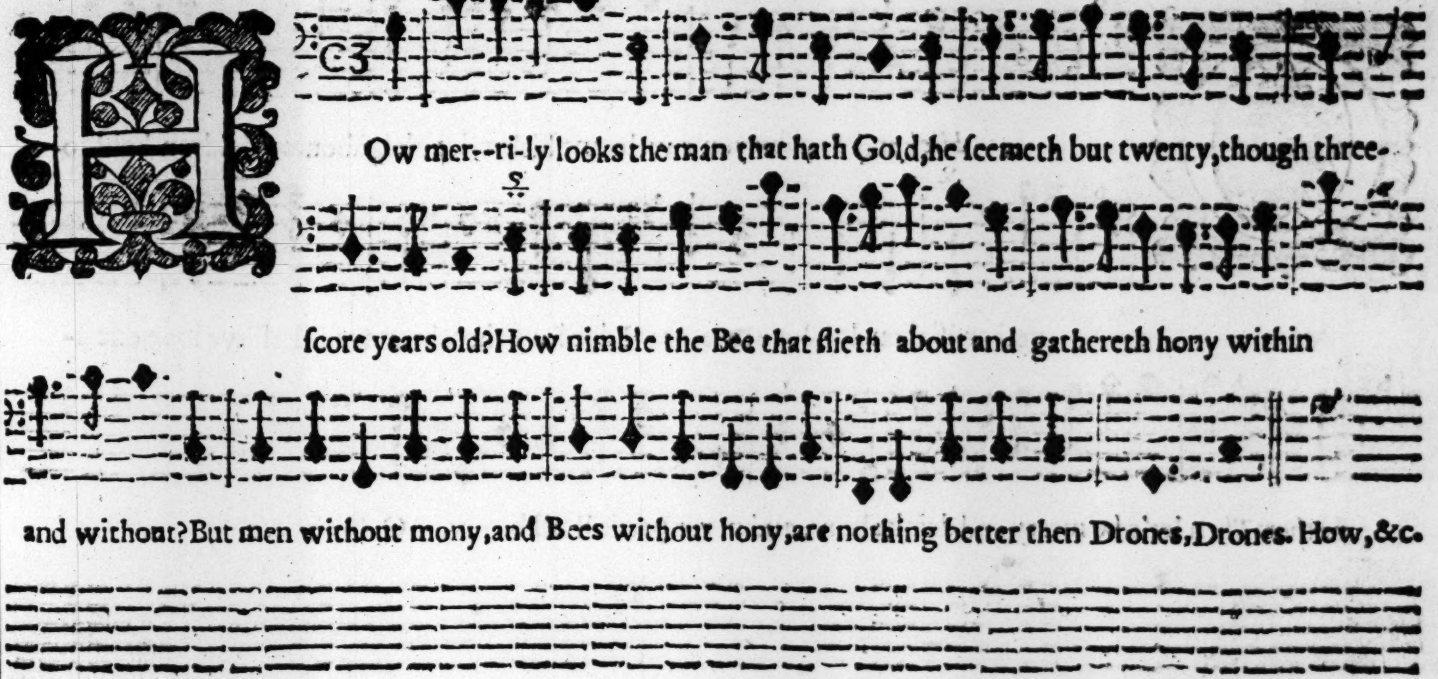
a. 3. Voc.



Come follow me merrily, merrily, Lads, come follow me merrily, ah, and we wil ſing ſol, fa, fa, ſol, fa, fa, fa, ſol, ſol, fa, put ſol before la, and fa af-ter me, ſol, la, me, fa, me, la, me, fa. Come, &c.

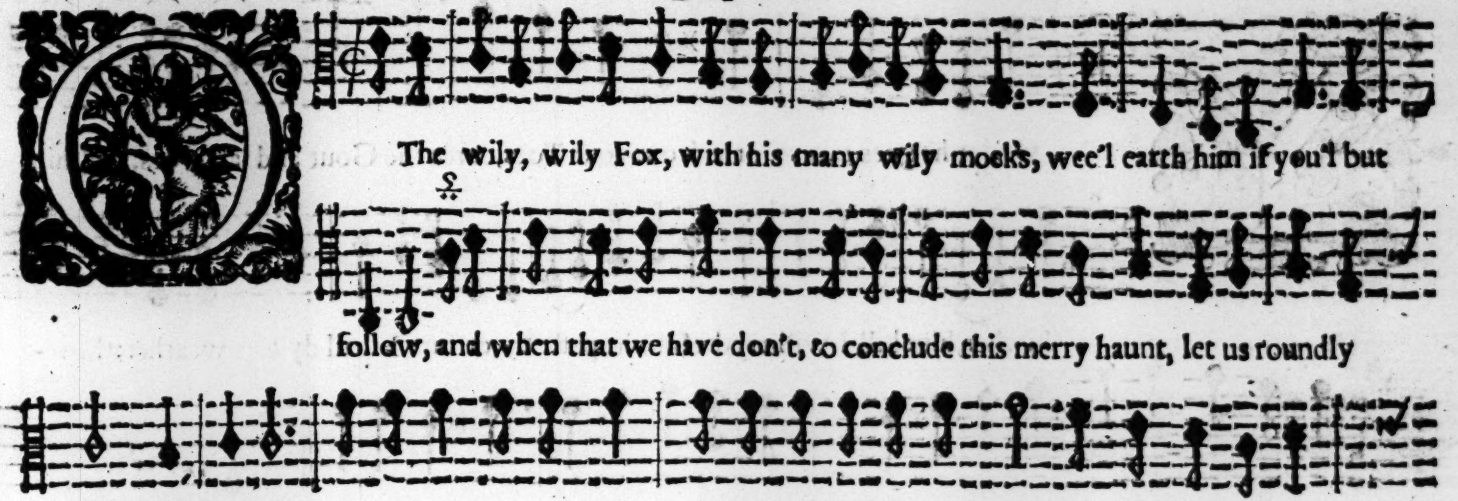
Mr. *Edmund Nelham.*


Have you any worke for a Tinker Mistris, old Brasse old Pots, or Kettles, I'le mend them all with a
Tink, terry tink, and never hurt your Mettles: First let me have but a touch of your Ale, 'twill steele me 'gainst cold
weather, or Tinkers Frees or Vintners Lees, or Tobaco chuse you whether: But of your Ale, your nappy Ale, I
would I had a Ferkin; for I am old, and ve-ry, ve-ry cold, and never weare a Jer-kin. Have, &c.
Mr. Edmund Nelham.

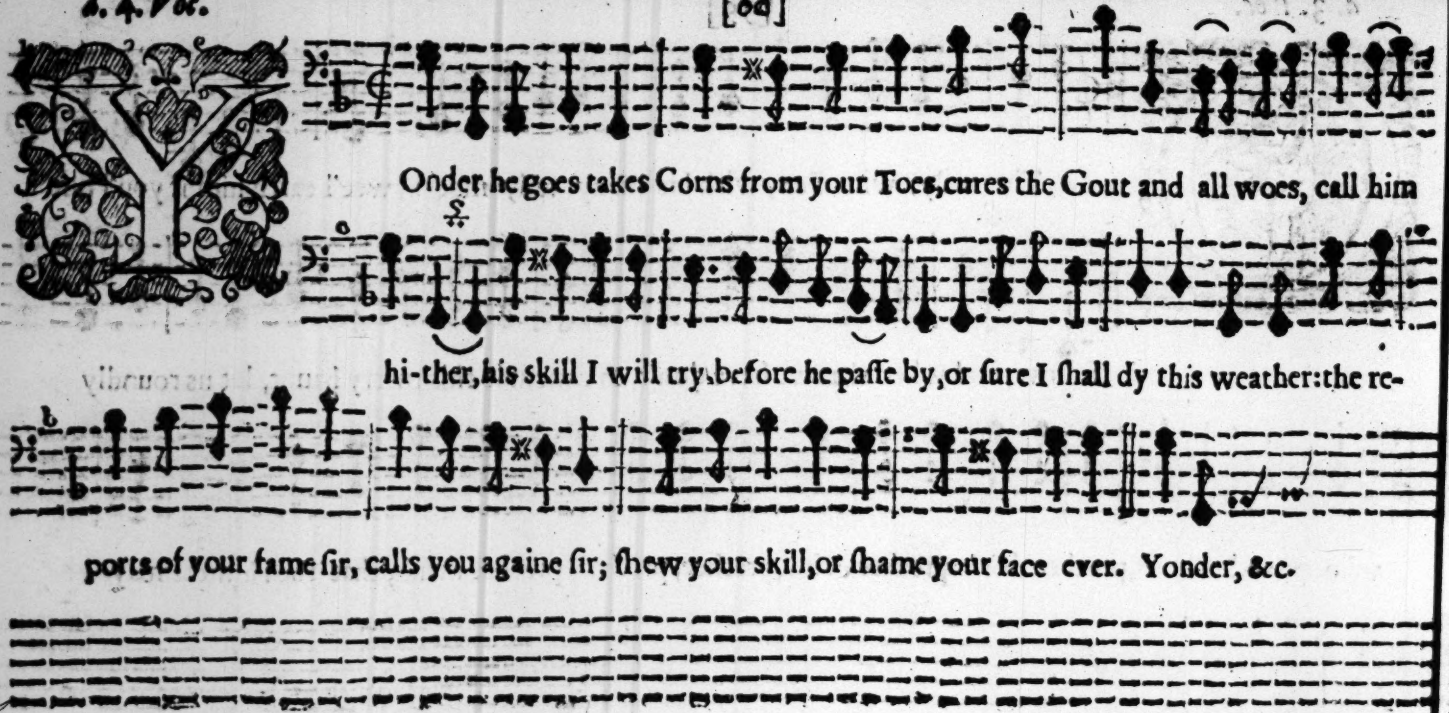


Mr. *Edmund Nelham.*

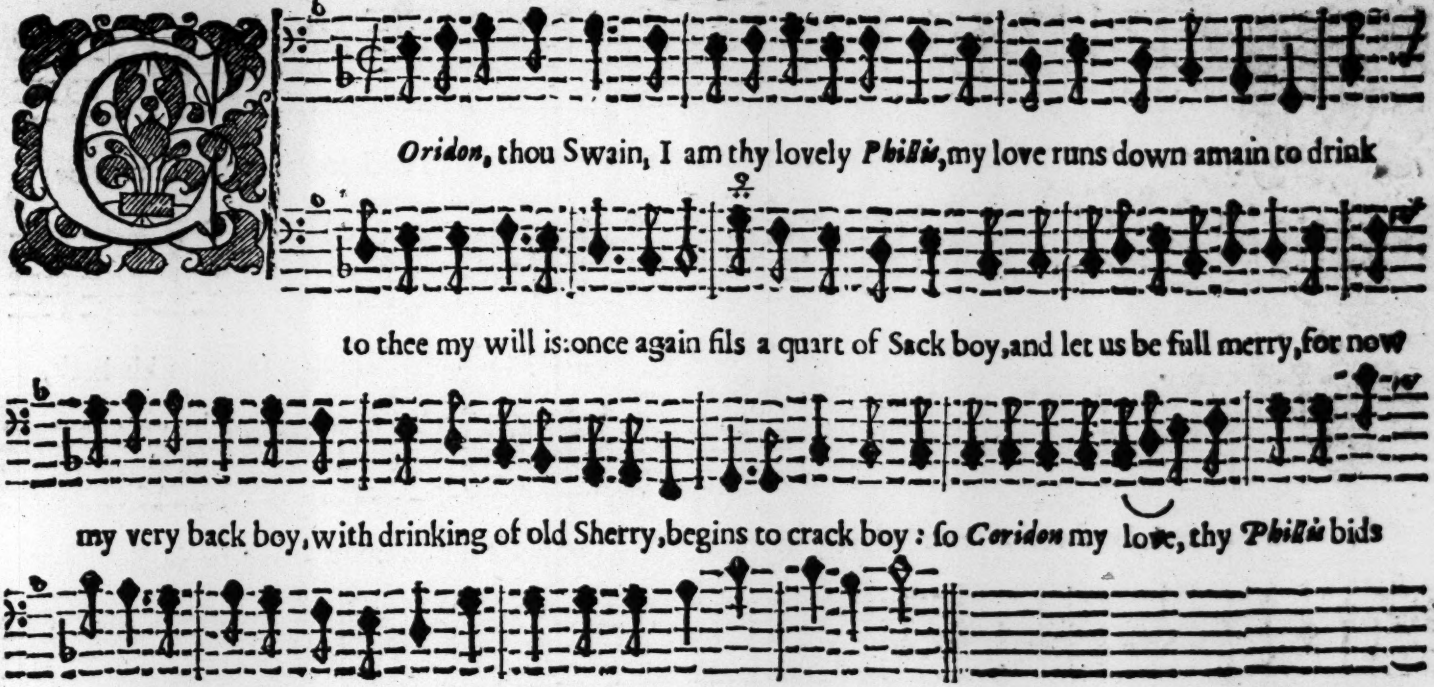
Mr. *Edmund Nelham.*



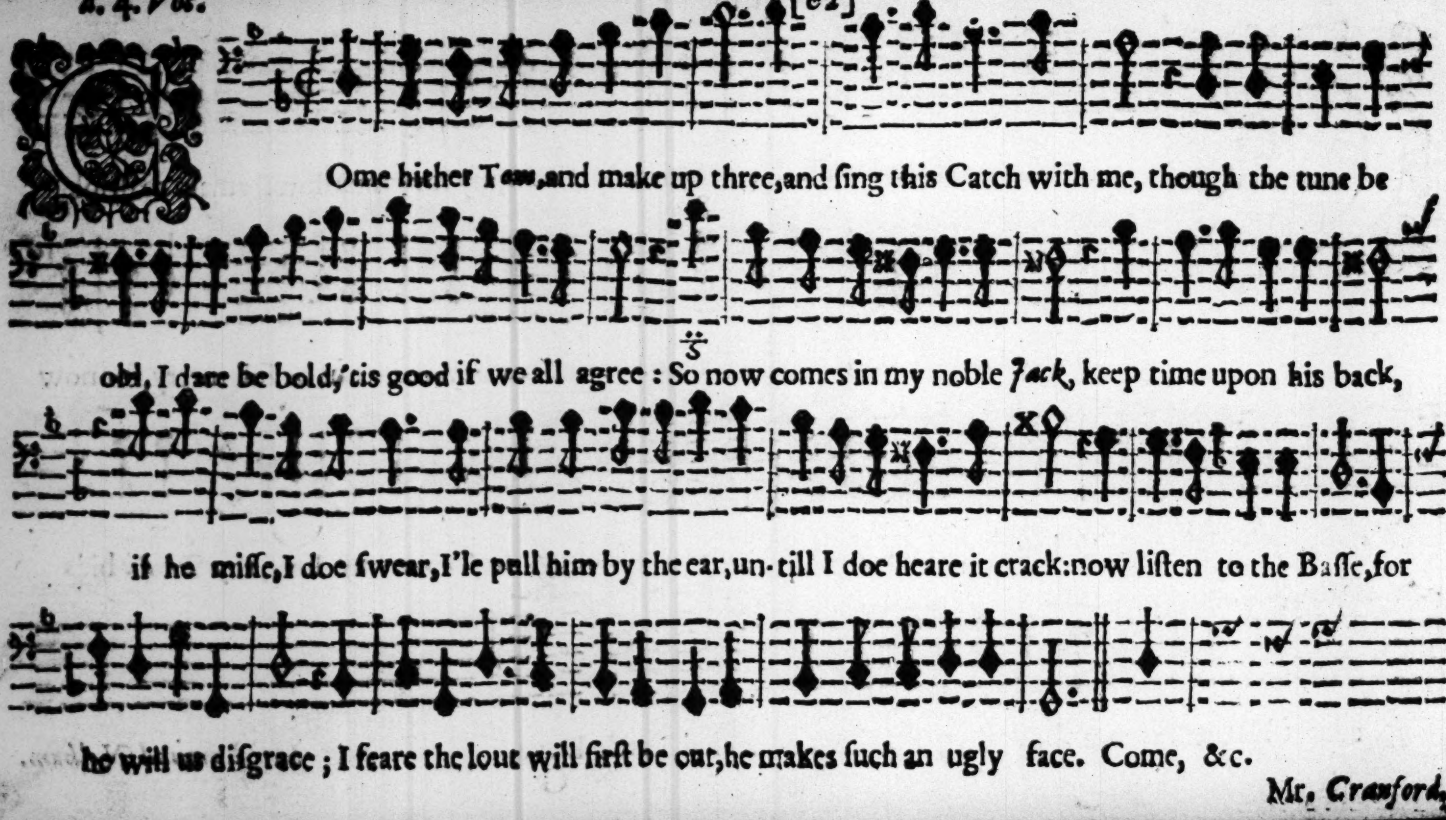
Mr. *Edmund Nelham.*



Mr. *Edmund Nelham.*



Mr. *Edmund Nelham.*


Come hither Tom, and make up three, and sing this Catch with me, though the tune be
old, I dare be bold, 'tis good if we all agree: So now comes in my noble Jack, keep time upon his back,
if he misse, I doe swear, I'le pull him by the ear, un-till I doe heare it crack: now listen to the Basse, for
he will us disgrace; I feare the lout will first be out, he makes such an ugly face. Come, &c.

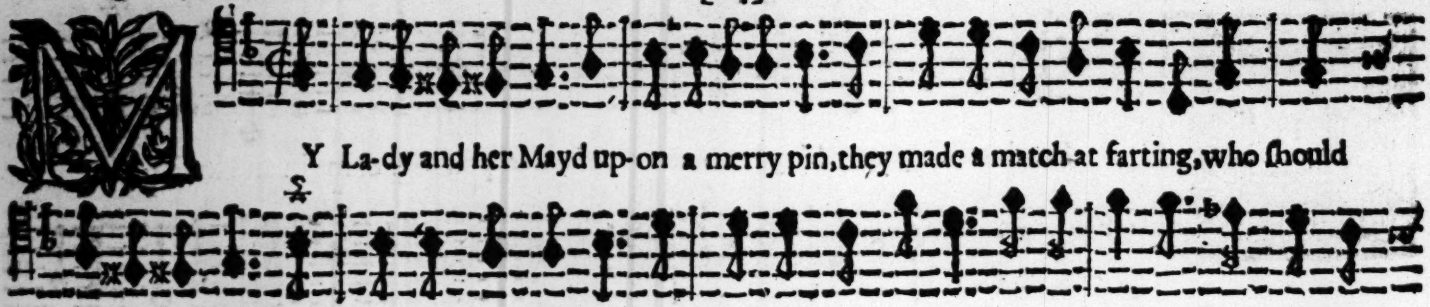
Mr. Cranford.

Ere dwells a pretty Mayd, whose name is *Sis*, you may come in and kisse: Her

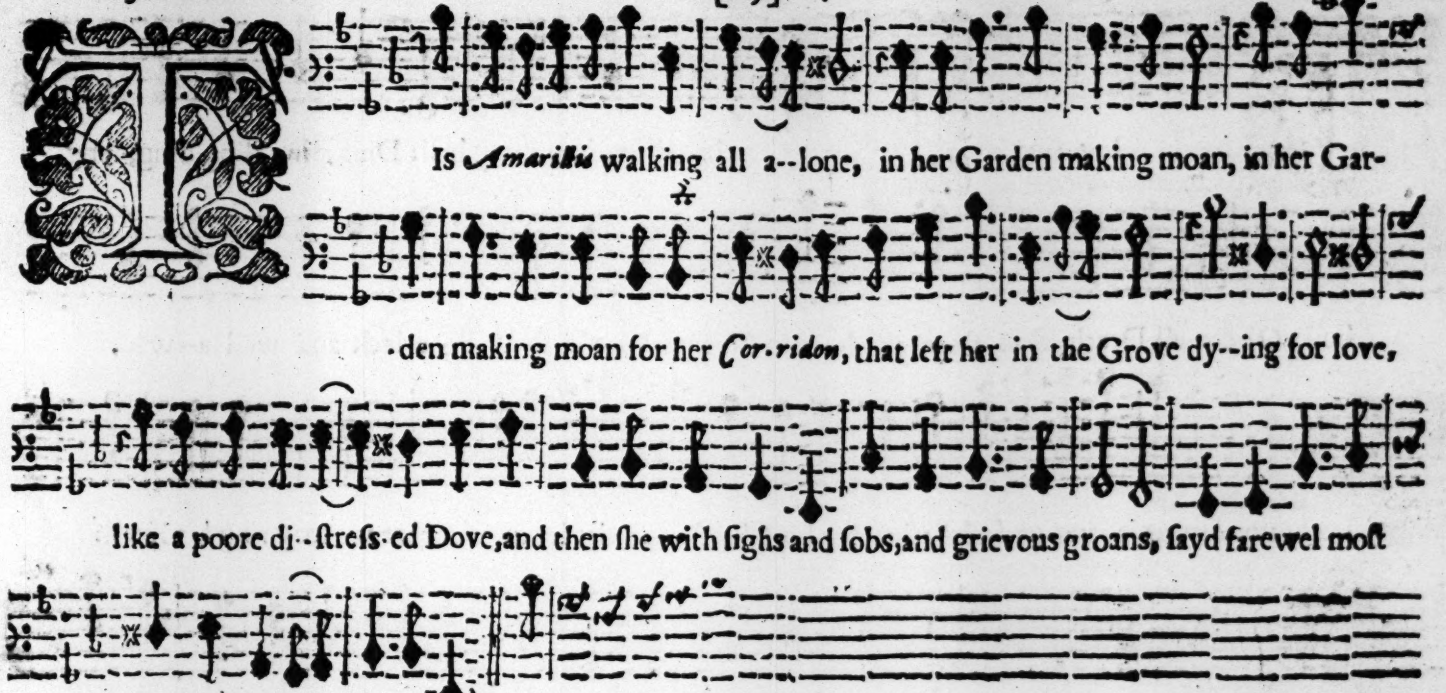
hole, her hole, her hole, her hole, her whole estate is seventeen pence a yeare, yet you may

kisse, you may kisse, you may kisse, you may kisse her, if you come but neare. Here, &c.

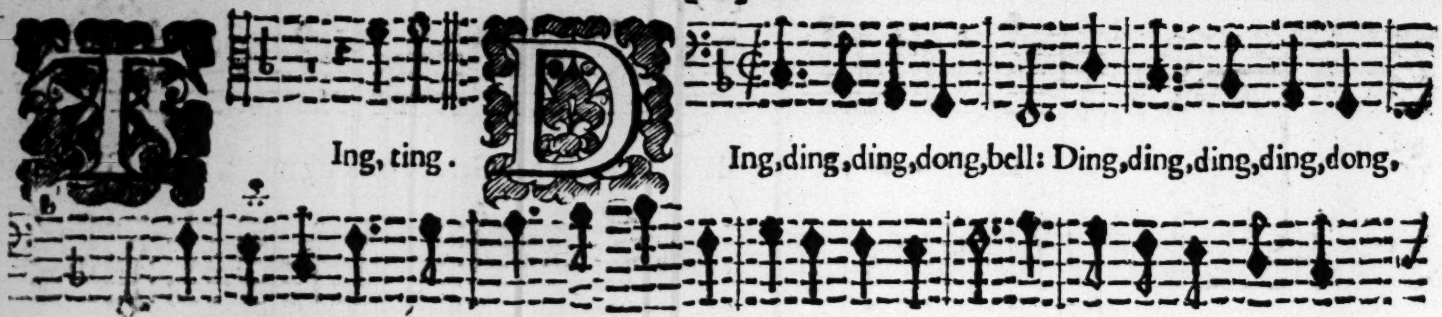
Mr. *Cranford.*



Mr. *William Ellis.*



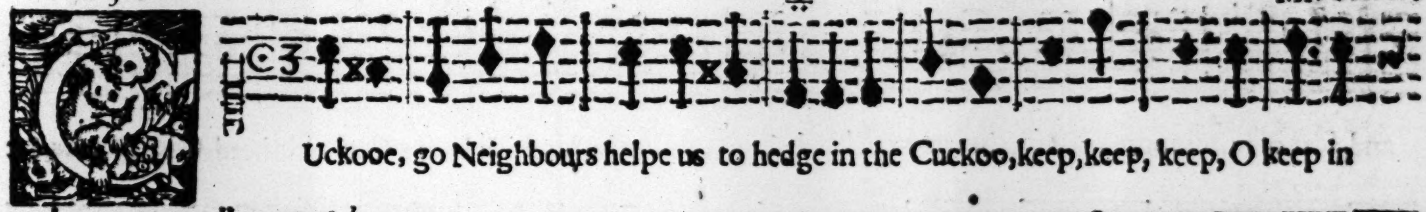
Mr. Thomas Brewer.


Ing, ting.
Ing,ding,ding,dong,bell: Ding,ding,ding,ding,dong,
bell: Oh cru-ell Death, that ſtopt the breath of him I lov'd ſo well; a lack and well a--way,
'tis a heavy day, as e--ver us befell: then for his ſake, ſome order let us take, that we may ring his Knell:
Ding,dong,ding,ding,ding,dong,bell: Ding,ding,ding,ding,dong,bell: Hark, hark, I heare the Bel-man

near, I heare the bell come tinging; goe Bel-man on before, and ſtand at the door, for now the Corſe is

bringing; make ready all anon, that we may be gone, for all the Bels are ringing, Ding, dong. Ding &c.

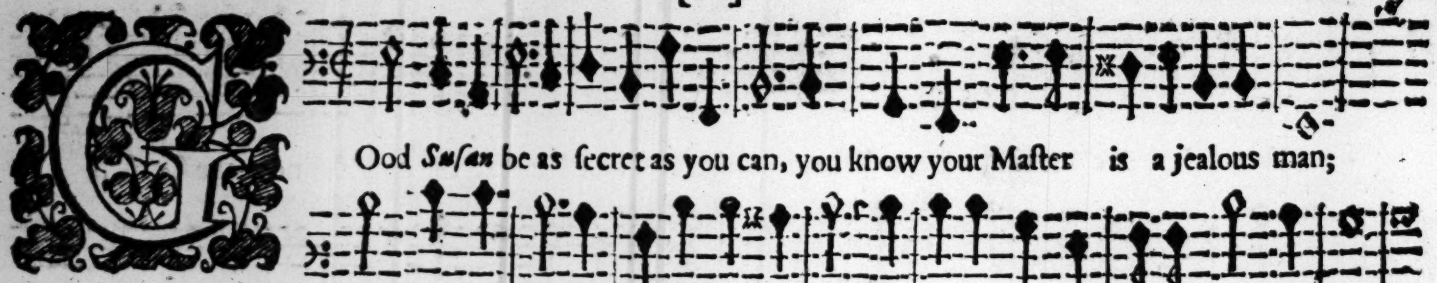
a. 3. Voc. Mr. *Stoner.*



Uckooe, go Neighbours helpe us to hedge in the Cuckoo, keep, keep, keep, O keep in

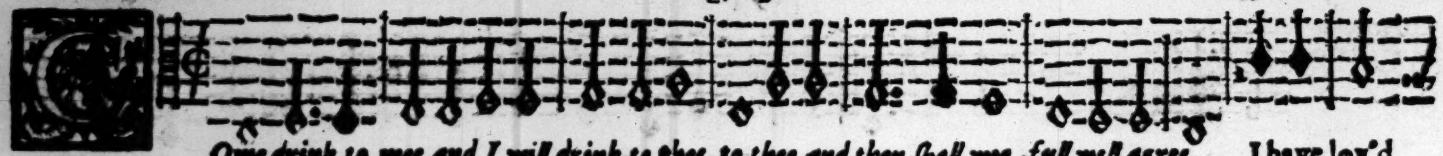
the Cuckoo. Cuckooe, &c.

Mr. *Edmund Nelham.*

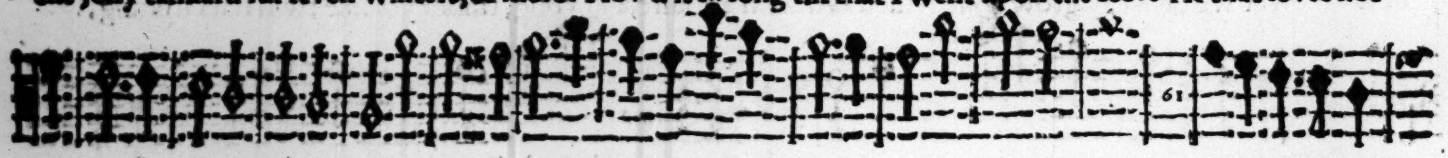


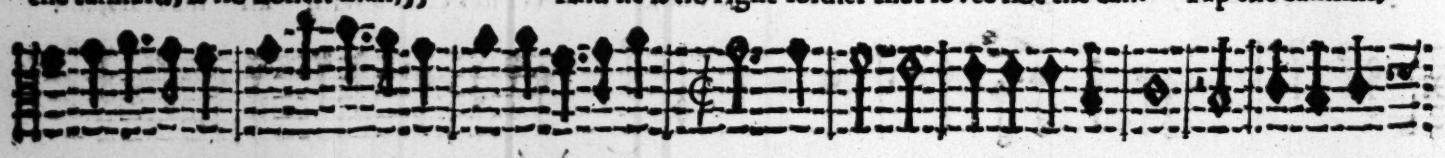
Mr. *William Webb.*

Mr. *William Webb.*


Owe drink to mee, and I will drink to thee, to thee, and then shall wee full well agree. I have lov'd

the jolly tankard ful seven winters, & more: I lov'd it so long till that I went upon the score. He that loves not


the tankard, is no honest man, jj And he is no right soldier that loves not the can. Tap the canikin,


toss the canikin, trole the canikin, turn the canikin. Hold good son, and fill us a fresh can, that we may quaffe

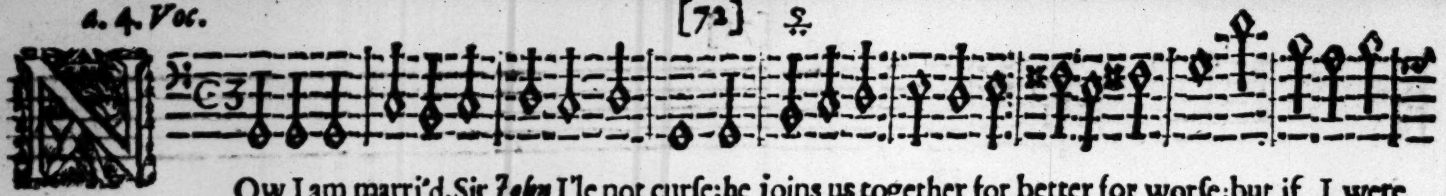
it round about from man to man. *Come, &c.*

a. 3. Voc.

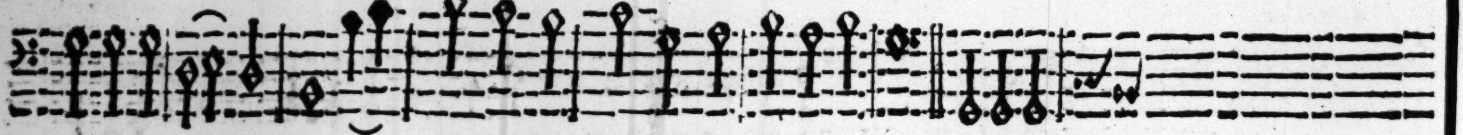
A Boat, a Boat, haſte to the Ferry, for wee'l goe o-ver to be merry, to laugh and

ſing and drink old Sherry. A Boat, &c.

Mr. *John Jenkins.*

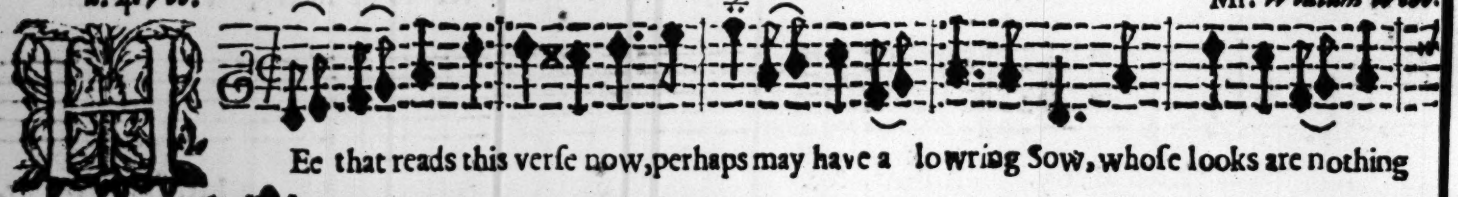


Ow I am marri'd, Sir *John* I'le not curſe: he joins us together for better for worſe; but if I were



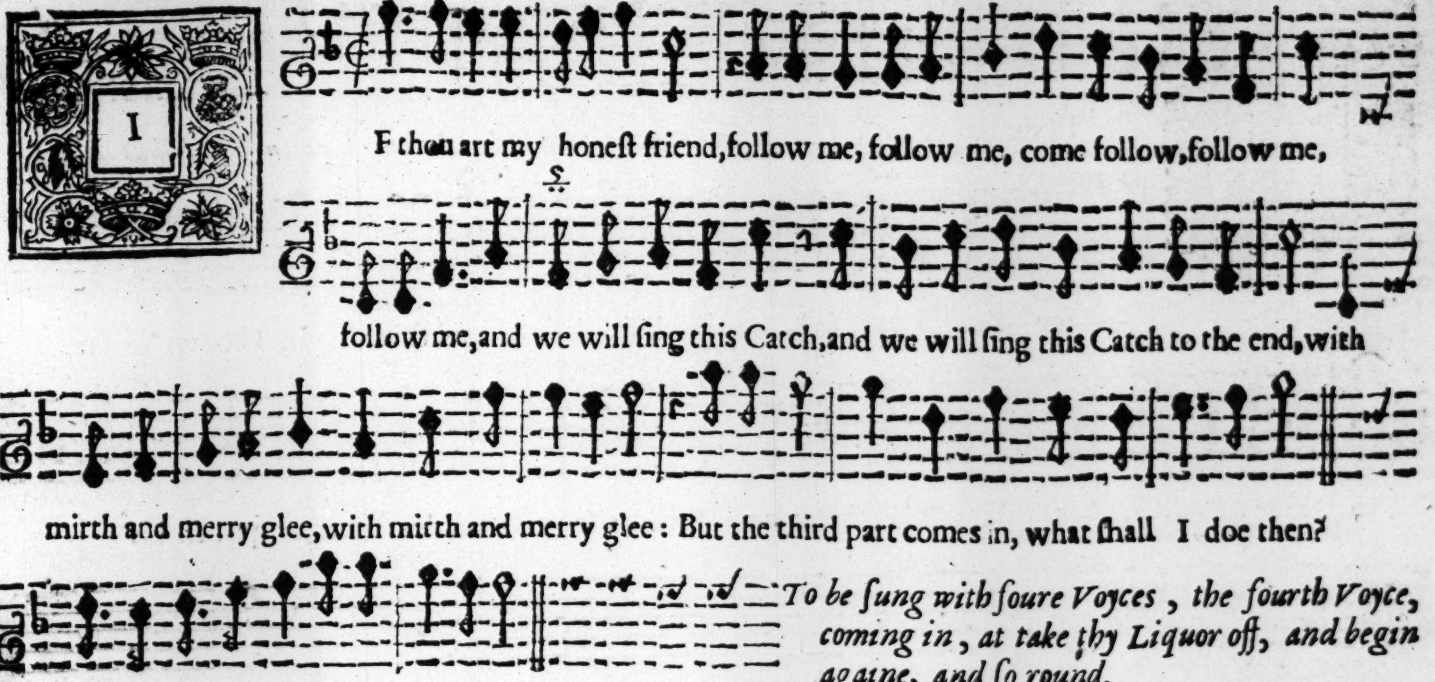
ſingle, I tell you plain, I would be ad-vis'd, e're I marri'd againe. Now I am, &c.

a. 4. Voc. Mr. *William Webb.*



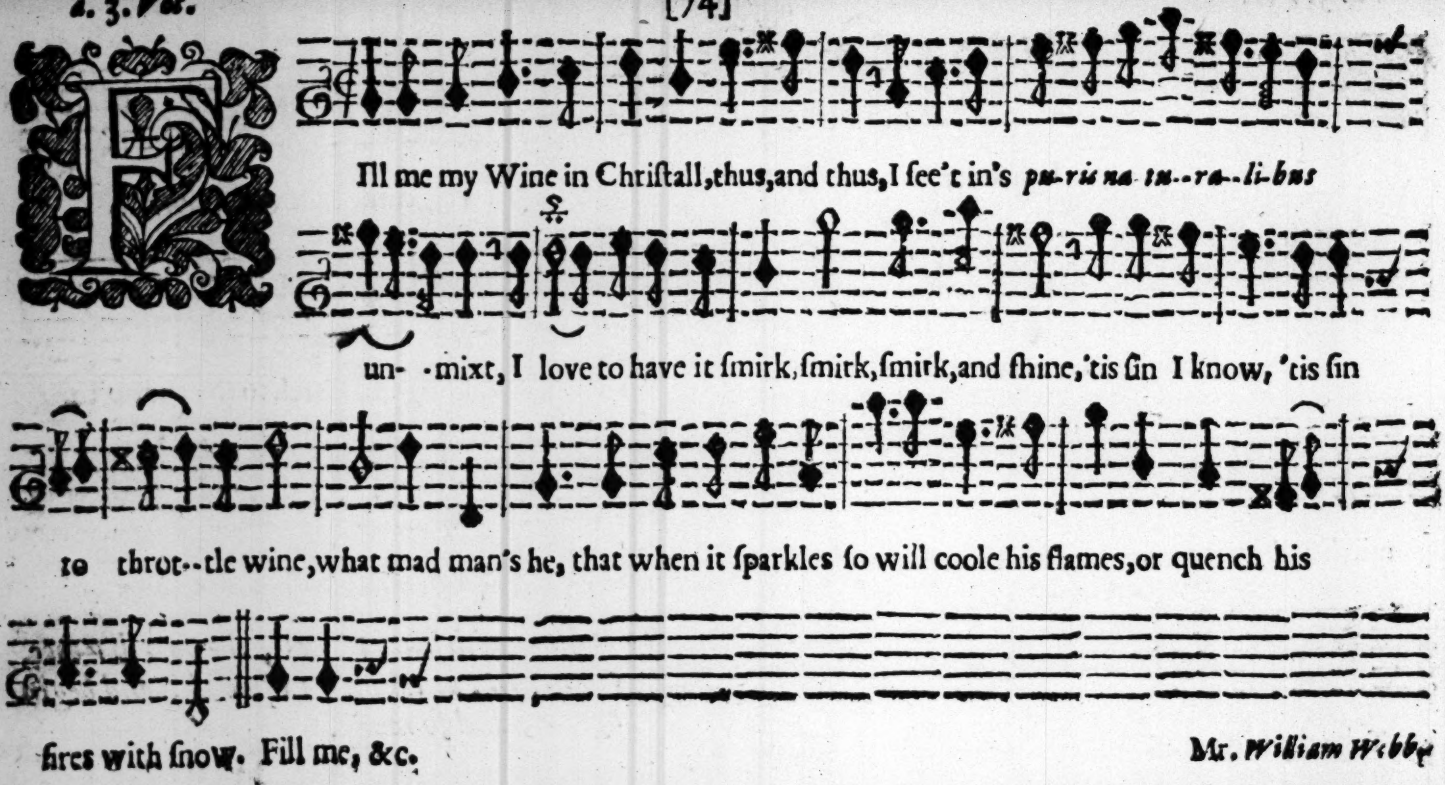
Ee that reads this verſe now, perhaps may have a lowring Sow, whoſe looks are nothing

neare ſo bad, as is her tongue that makes him mad. Hee that, &c. Mr. *William Webb.*

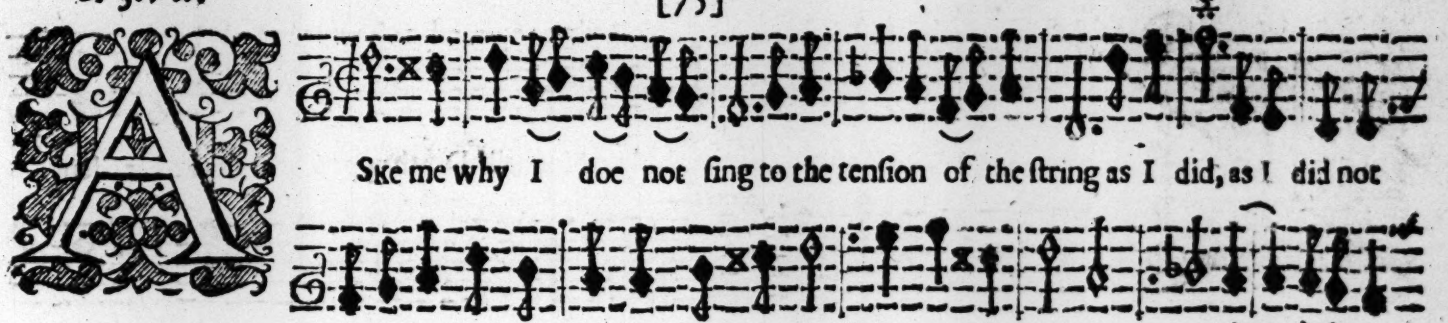


To be ſung with foure Voyces, the fourth Voyce, coming in, at take thy Liquor off, and begin againe, and ſo round.

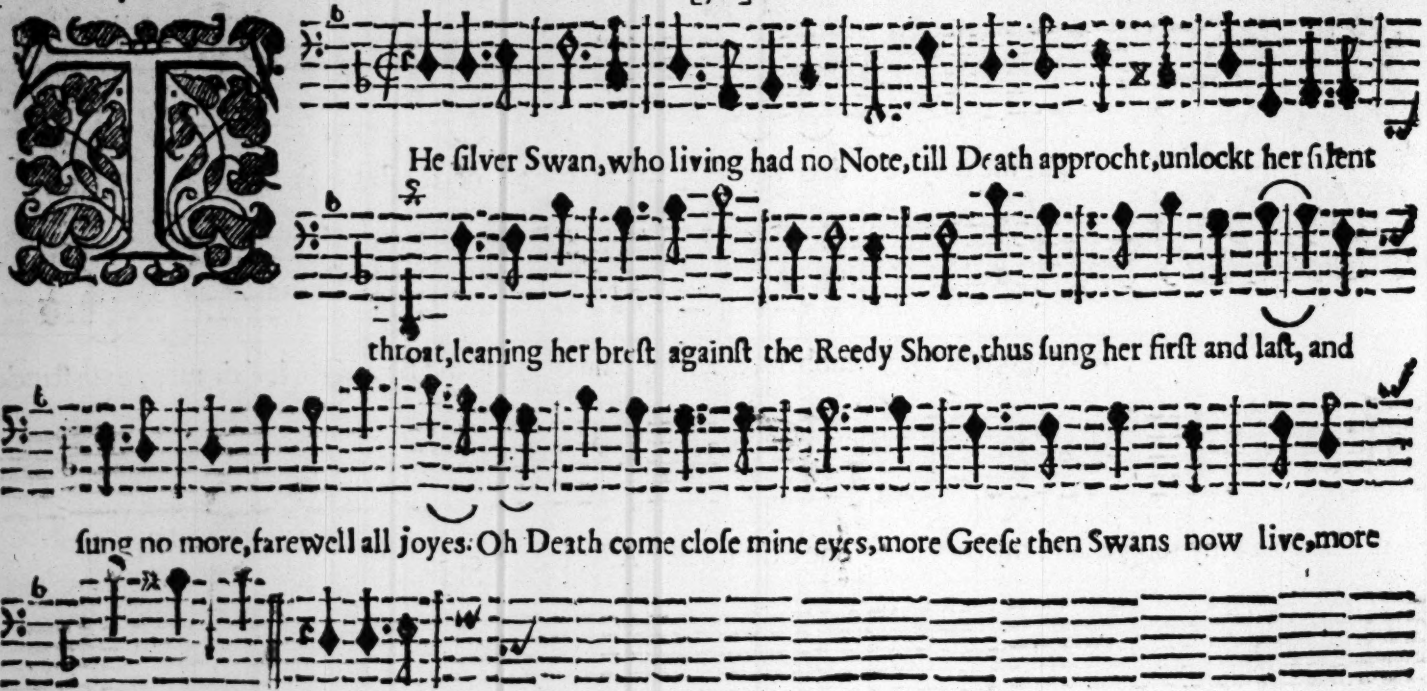
Mr. *William Webb.*

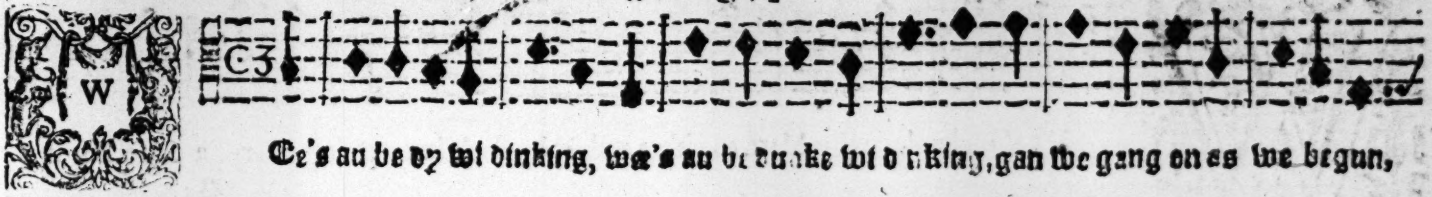


Mr. *William Webb.*



Mr. *William Webb.*

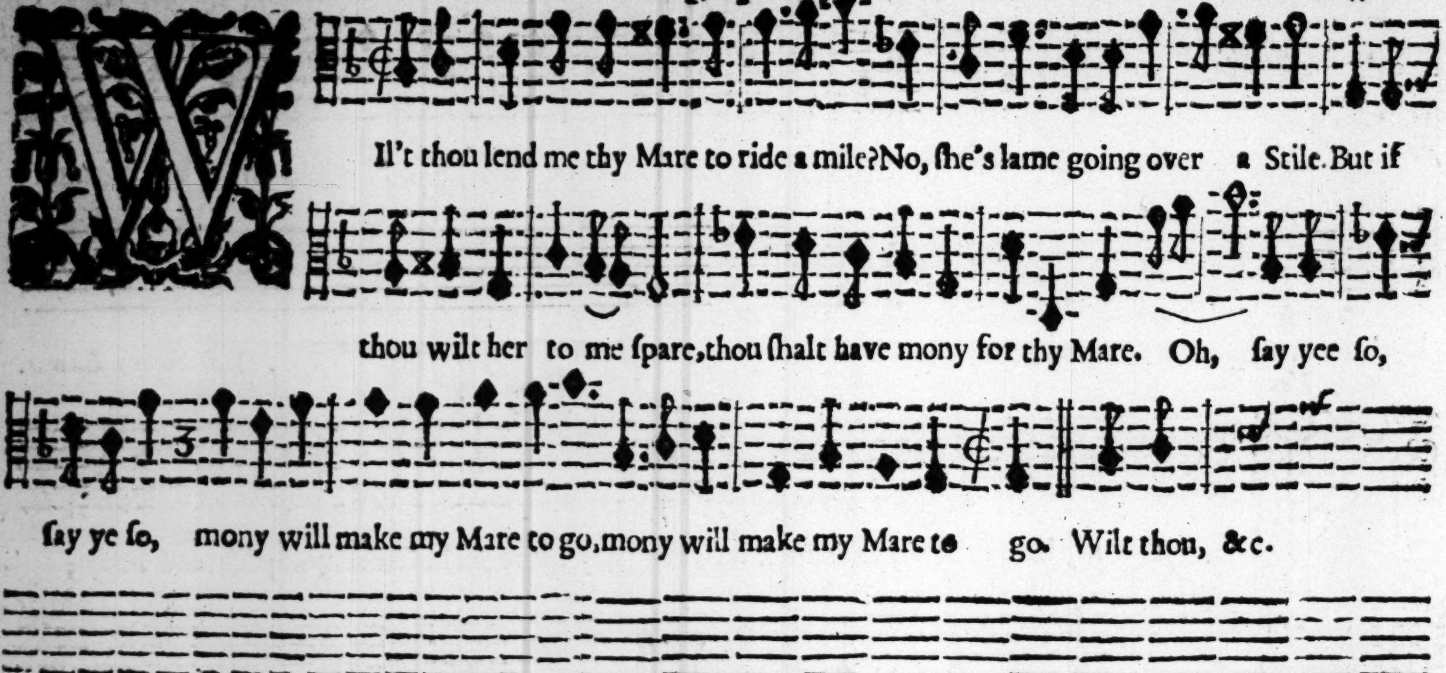

The ſilver Swan, who living had no Note, till Death approcht, unlockt her ſilent
throat, leaning her breſt againſt the Reedy Shore, thus ſung her firſt and laſt, and
ſung no more, farewell all joyes: Oh Death come cloſe mine eyes, more Geeſe then Swans now live, more
fooles then wiſe. The ſilver, &c.



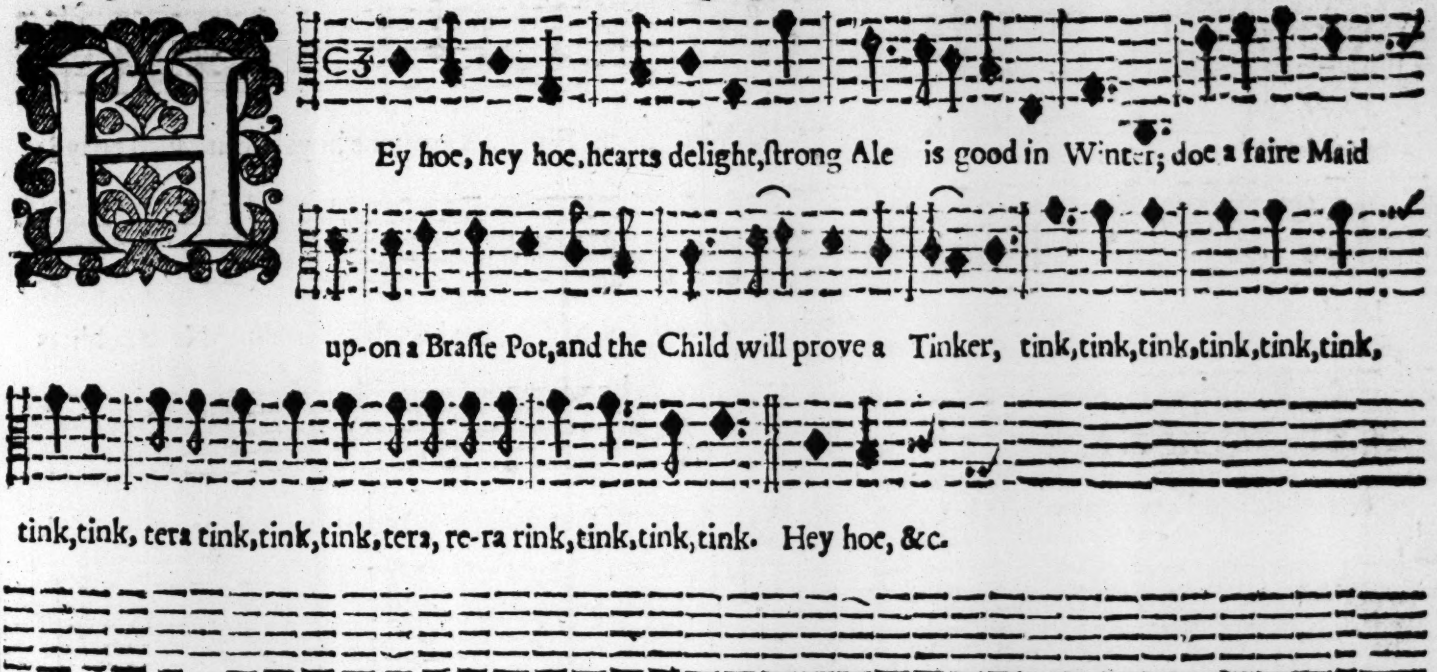
Mr. *Henry Lawes.*

a. 3. Voc.

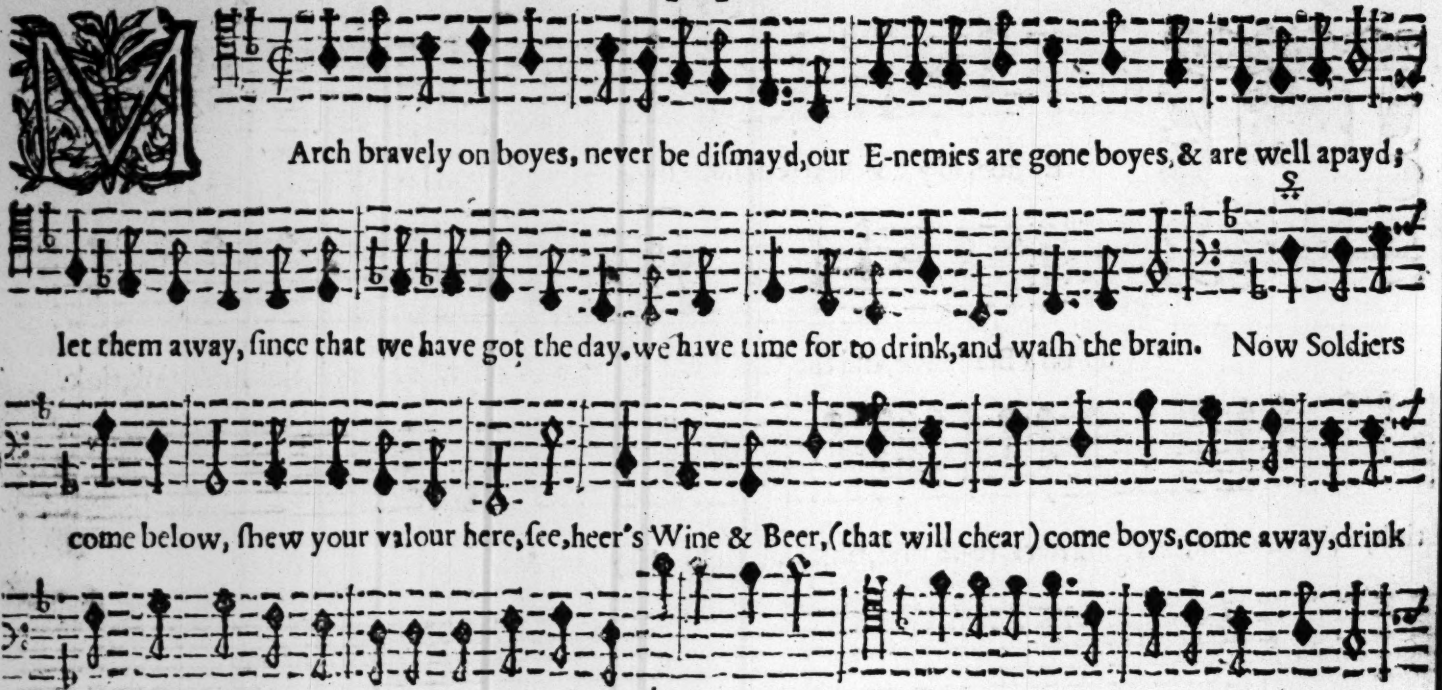
Mr. *Henry Lawes.*



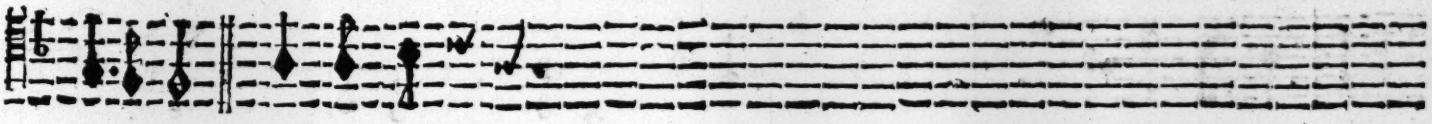
Mr. *Edmund Nelham.*


Hey hoe, hey hoe, hearts delight, ſtrong Ale is good in Winter; doe a faire Maid
up-on a Braſſe Pot, and the Child will prove a Tinker, tink, tink, tink, tink, tink, tink,
tink, tink, tera tink, tink, tink, tera, re-ra rink, tink, tink, tink. Hey hoe, &c.

Mr. John Cobb.

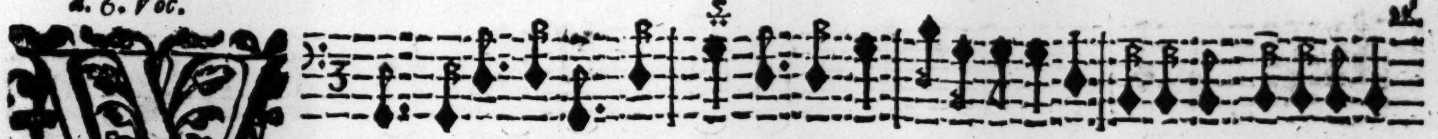

Arch bravely on boyes, never be diſmayd, our E-nemies are gone boyes, & are well apayd;
let them away, ſince that we have got the day, we have time for to drink, and waſh the brain. Now Soldiers
come below, ſhew your valour here, ſee, heer's Wine & Beer, (that will chear) come boys, come away, drink
all round without de-lay, this Liquor will our healths maintain. Beat up Alarum we the field have won,

found out our Trumpets, Oh bravely done! Now all our Foes are ſhot and ſlaine, wee'le never to the

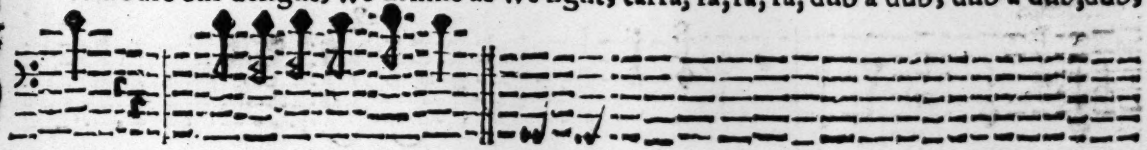


Wars againe. March bravely, &c. Mr. *John Hilton.*

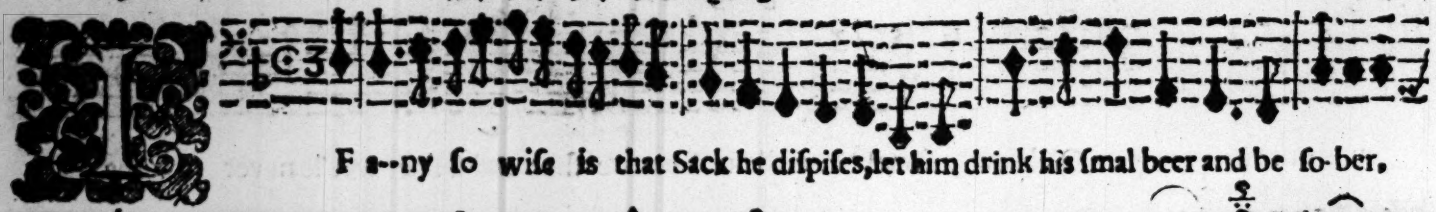
a. 6. Voc.



Wars are our delight, we drinke as we fight, tarra, ra, ra, ra, dub a dub, dub a dub, dub,



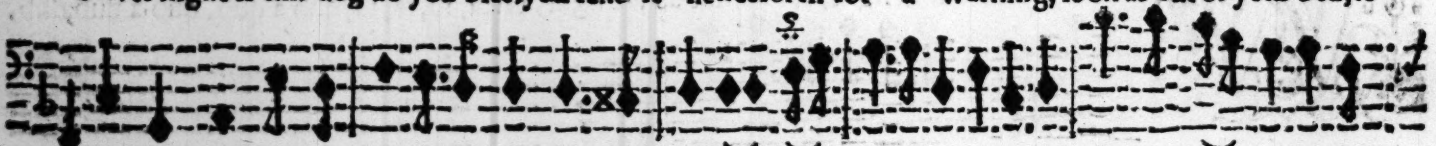
bounce, tantarra, ran, tan, tan. Wars, &c. Mr. *William Lawes.*



F a--ny ſo wiſe is that Sack he diſpiſes, let him drink his ſmal beer and be ſo-ber,

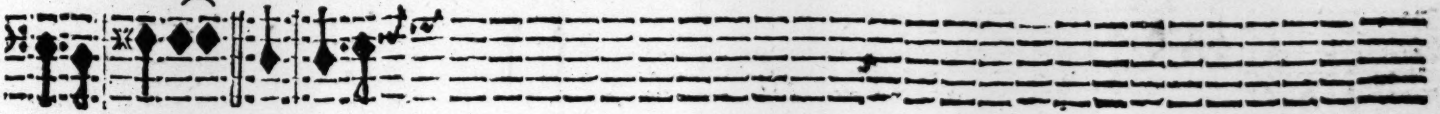
whil'ſt we drink Sack, and ſing as if it were Spring, he ſhall droop like the trees in Octo-ber: But be ſure

o--ver night if this dog do you bite, you take it henceforth for a warning, ſoon as out of your bed, to



ſettle your head, take a haire of his tayle in the mor-ning, and be not ſo ſil-ly to fol-low old *Lilly*, for

there's nothing but Sack that can tune us; let his *ne-aſſueſcas* be put in his cap-caſe, and ſing *bi-bi-to vi-*



-num fe-ju-nus. If a-ny, &c.

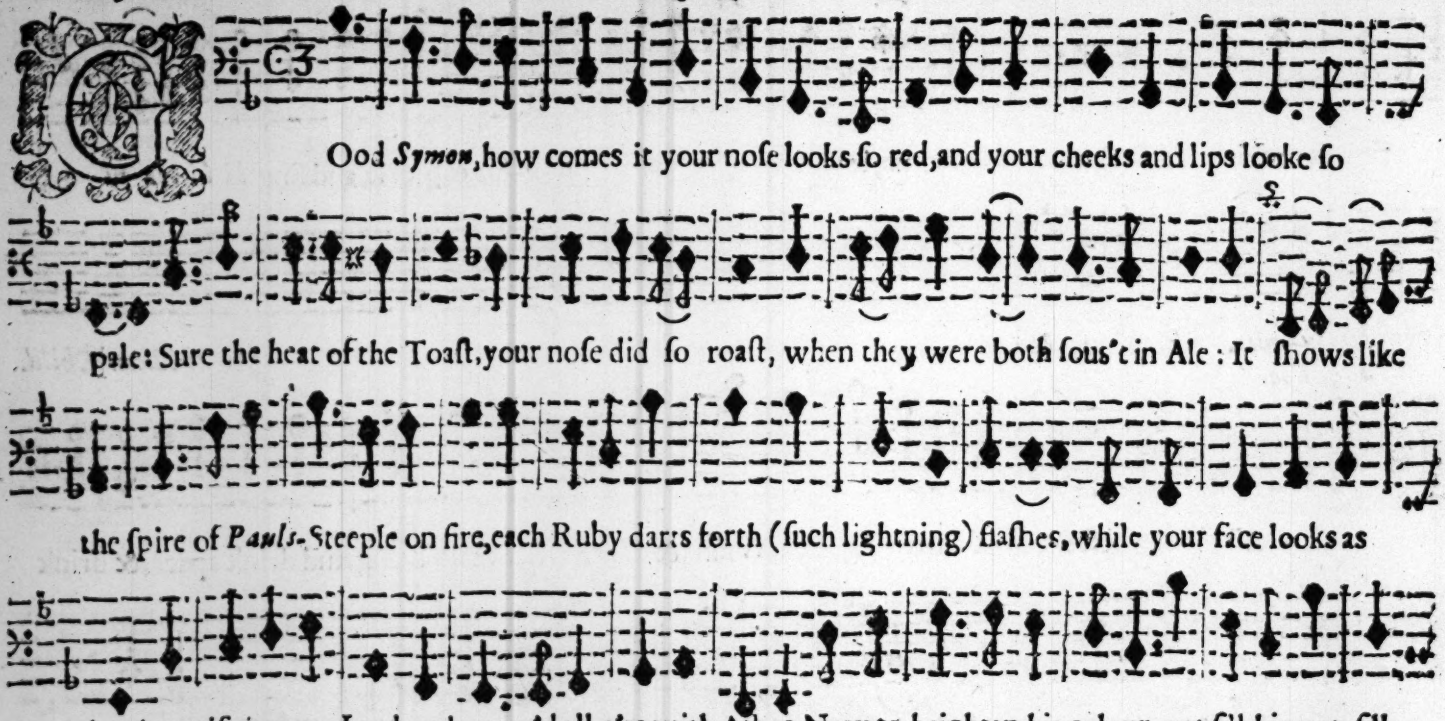
Mr. *William Child.*

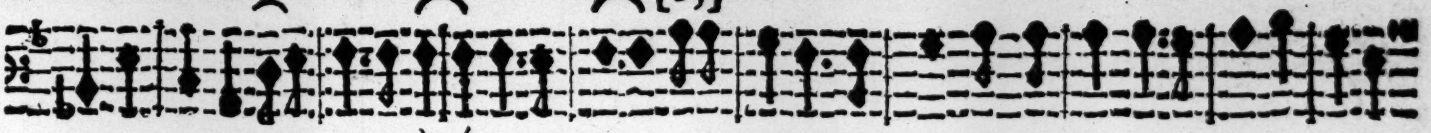
a. 3. Voc.

All for the beſt the houſe may ring Sack, White, & Clarret: Let them bring, and drink apace, & drink

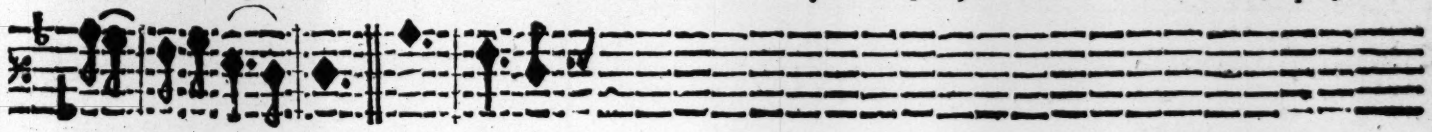
apice, while breath you have, while breath you have, you'l find but cold drink in the Grave. Call for, &c.

Mr. *John Hilton.*


Ood Symon, how comes it your nose looks so red, and your cheeks and lips looke so
pale: Sure the heat of the Toast, your nose did so roast, when they were both sous't in Ale: It shows like
the spire of Pauls-Steeple on fire, each Ruby darts forth (such lightning) flashes, while your face looks as
d ead, as if it were Lead, and cover'd all o're with Ashes: Now to heighten his colour, yet fill his pot, fill



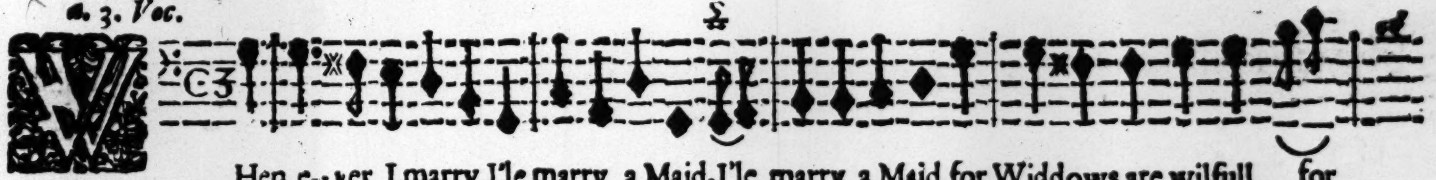
his pot fuller, and nick it not ſo with froth: Gra--mercy mine Hoſt, it ſhall ſave thee a Toaſt, ſup *Symon*



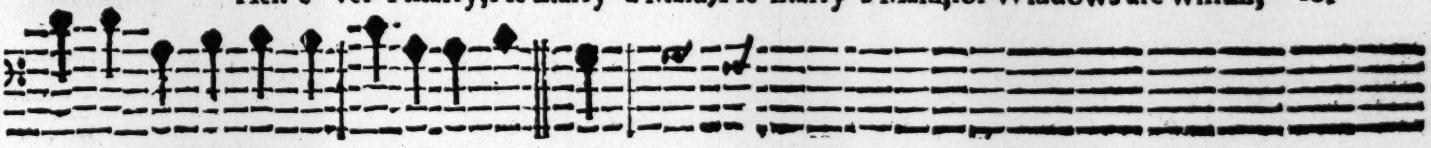
for here is gobd Broth. Good *Symon*.

Mr. *William Howes.*

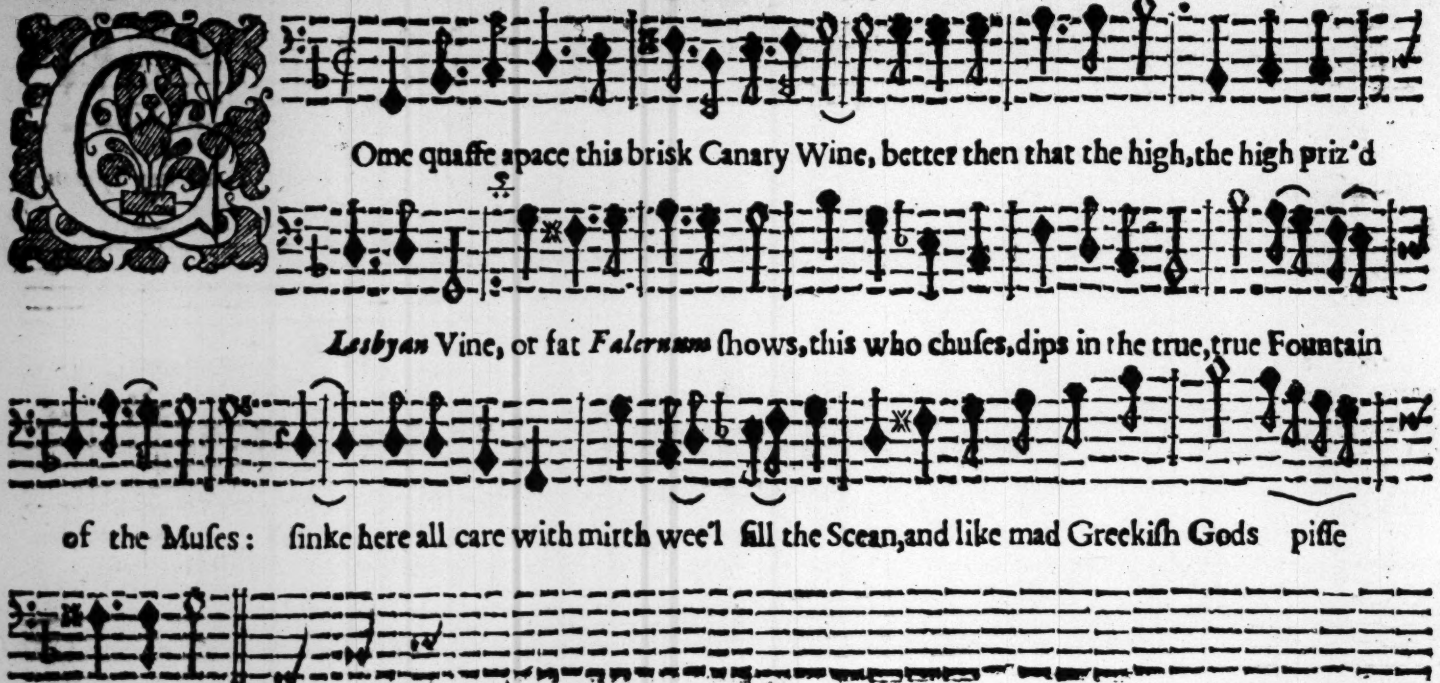
a. 3. Voc.



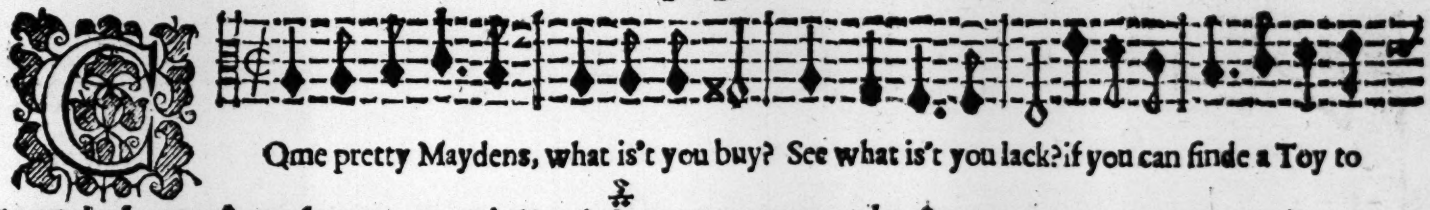
Hen e--ver I marry, I'le marry a Maid, I'le marry a Maid, for Widdows are wilfull, for



Widdows are wilfull, and will be obey'd. When, &c.



Mintalyus. Come quaffe, &c. Mr. *William Lawes.*


Come pretty Maydens, what is't you buy? See what is't you lack? if you can finde a Toy to
your minde, be so kind, view the Pedlars pack: Here be Laces and Masks for your faces, Corall, Jet, and Amber,
Gloves made of thread, & toys for your head, and rich Perfumes for a La--- dies Chamber. Come and buy,
come buy for your loving Hony, some pretty Toy to please the Boy, I'le sell it you worth your mony. Come, &c.

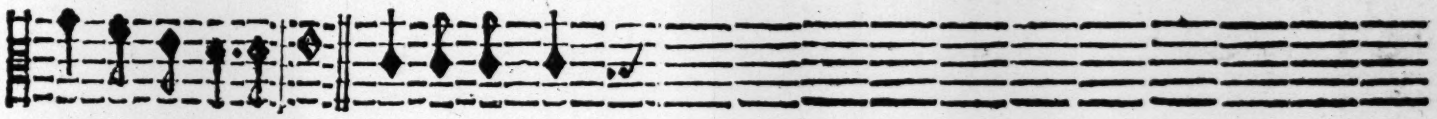
Come honeſt friends and jo----viall boys, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow me,

and ſing this Catch, and ſing this Catch, and ſing this Catch, & ſing this Catch merry, merri-ly jo---viall

boys and honeſt friends, follow, follow me, come follow, follow me, come follow me, and ſing this Catch, and ſing

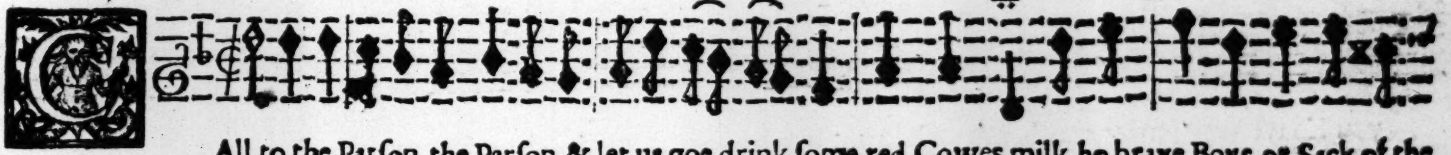
this Catch, & ſing this Catch, & ſing this Catch, & ſing this Catch merry, merry---ly, honeſt friends come fol-

low me jo-vi--all boys, come follow, follow me, & ſing this Catch, & ſing this Catch, & ſing this Catch, ſing this

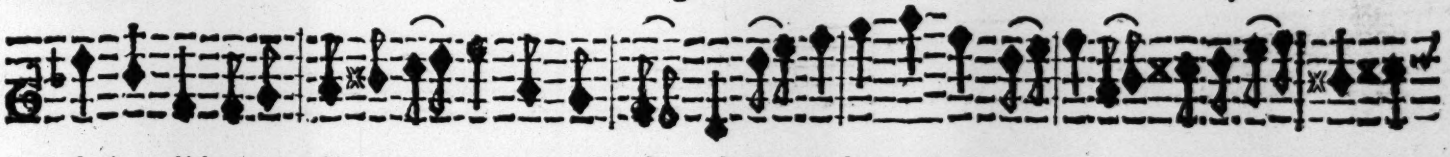


Catch, merry, merri--ly. Come honeſt friends, &c. Mr. *Symon Ives.*

a. 3. Voc.

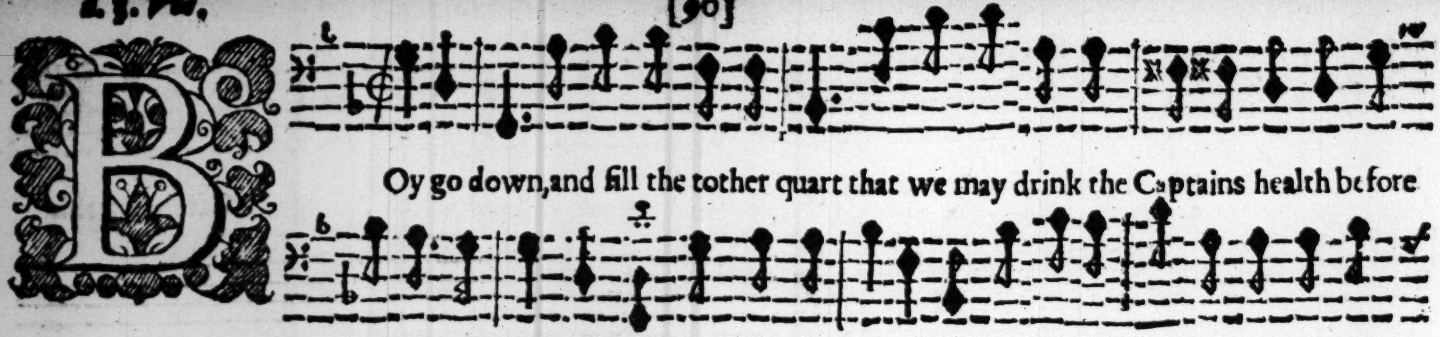


All to the Parſon, the Parſon, & let us goe drink ſome red Cowes milk, ho brave Boys, or Sick of the

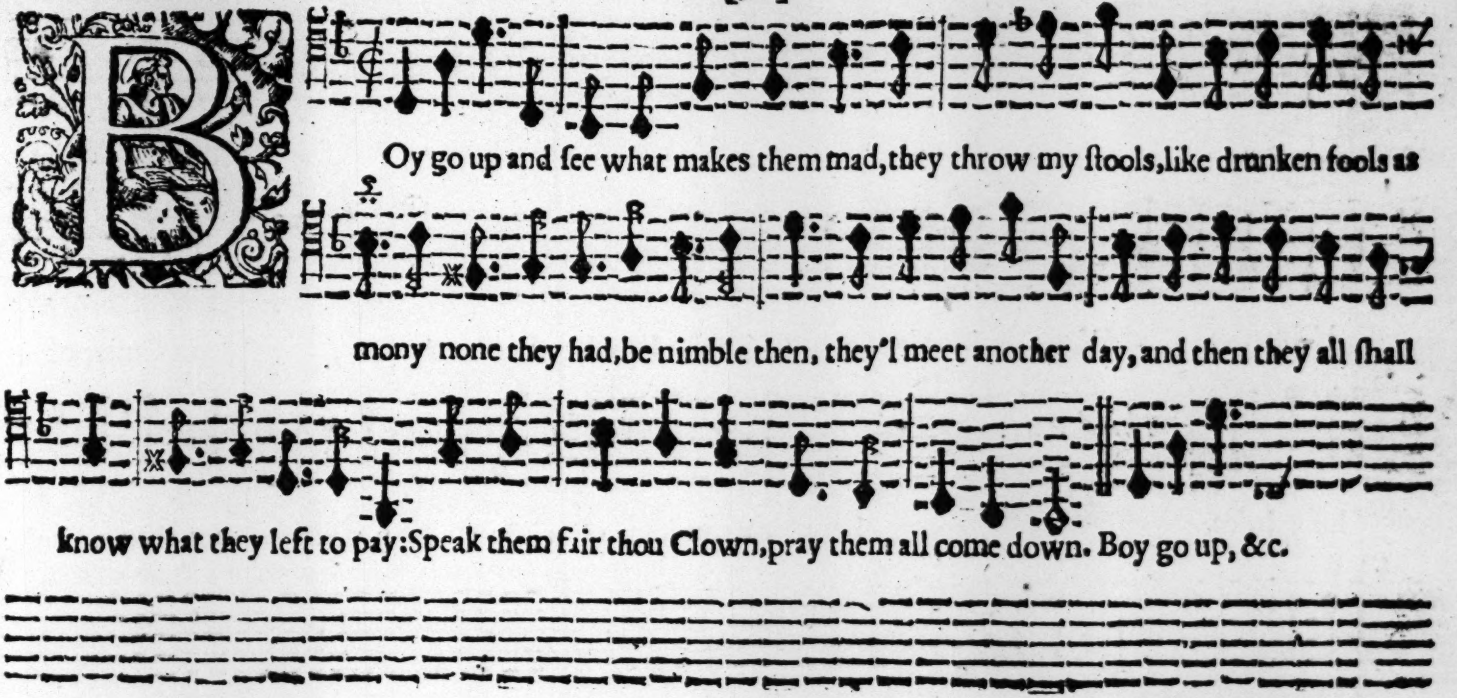


beſt, then glide to the Chappel of reſt, where our Song ſhal on-ly be drink thou to mee, and I to thee, & then.

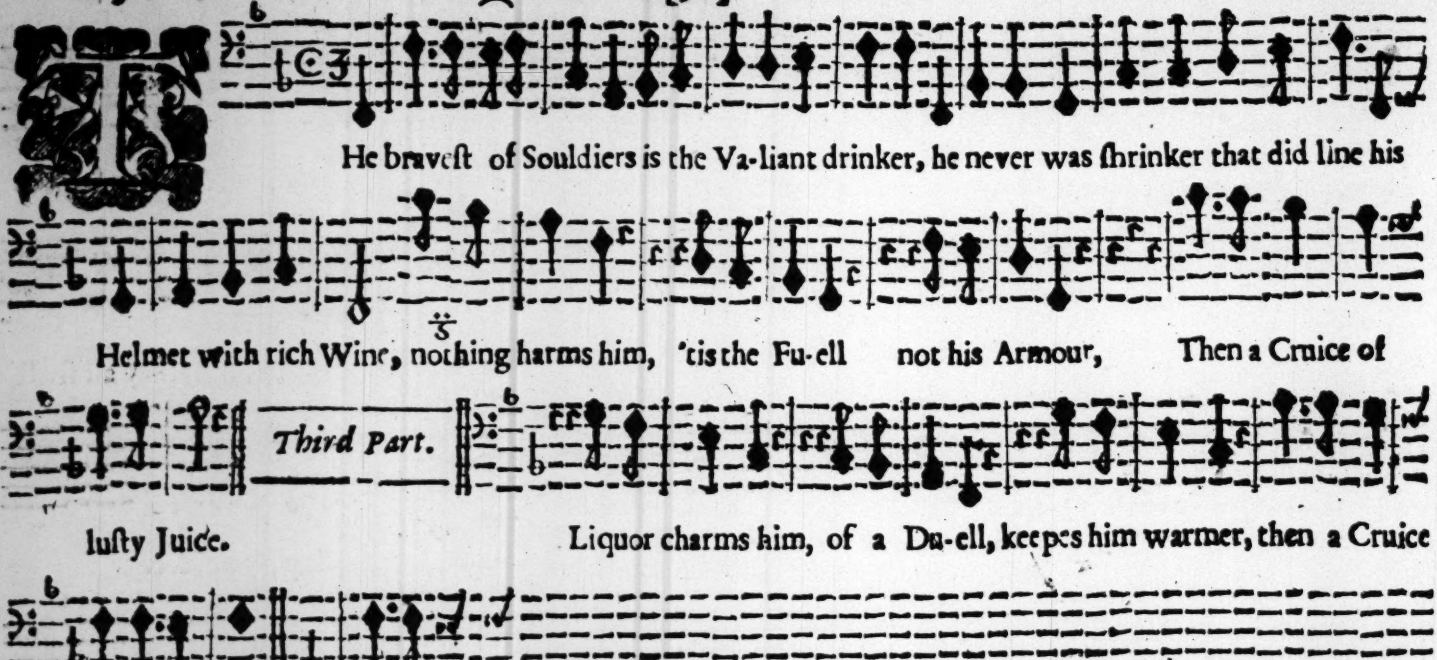
 Dr. *John Wilſon.*



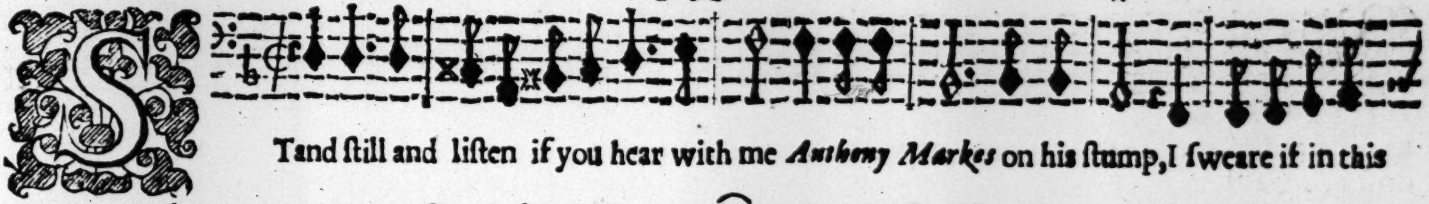
Mr. *Symon Ives.*



Mr. John Hilton.


He braveſt of Souldiers is the Va-liant drinker, he never was ſhrinker that did line his
Helmet with rich Wine, nothing harms him, 'tis the Fu-ell not his Armour, Then a Cruice of
Third Part.
luſty Juice.
Liquor charms him, of a Du-ell, keepes him warmer, then a Cruice
of luſty Juice. The braveſt, &c.

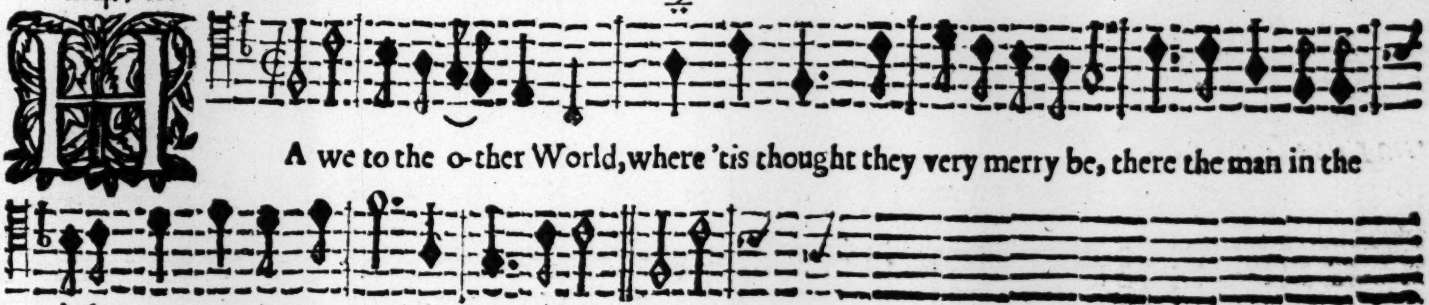
a. 3. Voc.



STand ſtill and liſten if you hear with me *Anthony Markes* on his ſtump, I ſweare if in this

Vault he reſts his bones, his ſpi-rit walks & charms theſe ſtones. Stand, &c. Mr. *William Lawes.*

a. 4. Voc.



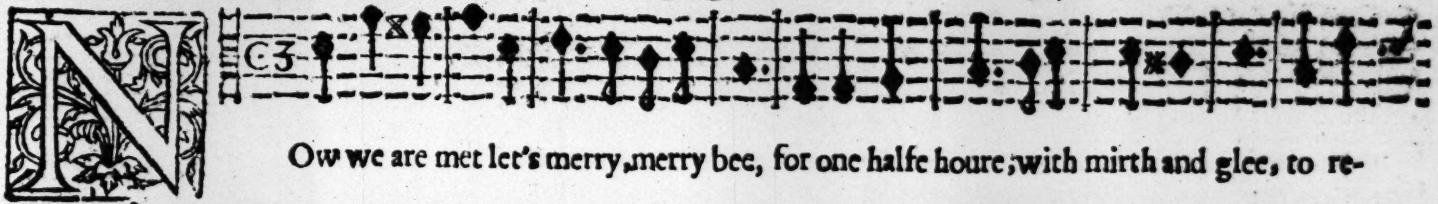
HA we to the o-ther World, where 'tis thought they very merry be, there the man in the

Moon drinks Claret, a health to thee and mee. Ha we, &c.

Now we are met, let's merry, merry bee, for one halfe houre, with mirth and glee, to re-

create our Spirits dull, let's laugh and sing our bellies full. Now we are, &c.

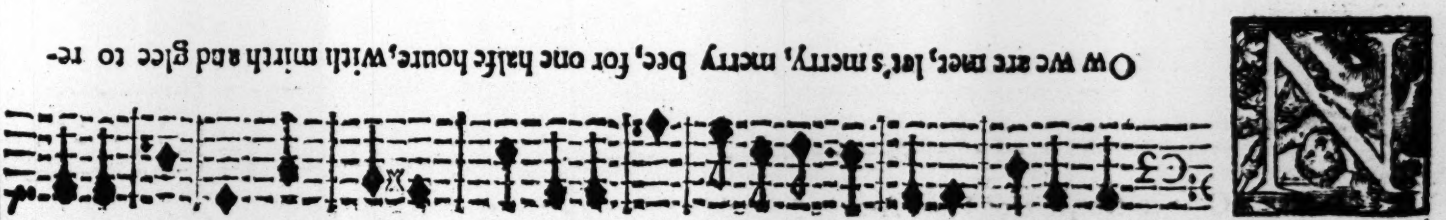
Mr. *Symon Ives.*



Ow we are met let's merry, merry bee, for one halfe houre, with mirth and glee, to re-

-create our spi-rits dull, let's laugh and sing our bellies full. Now we are, &c.

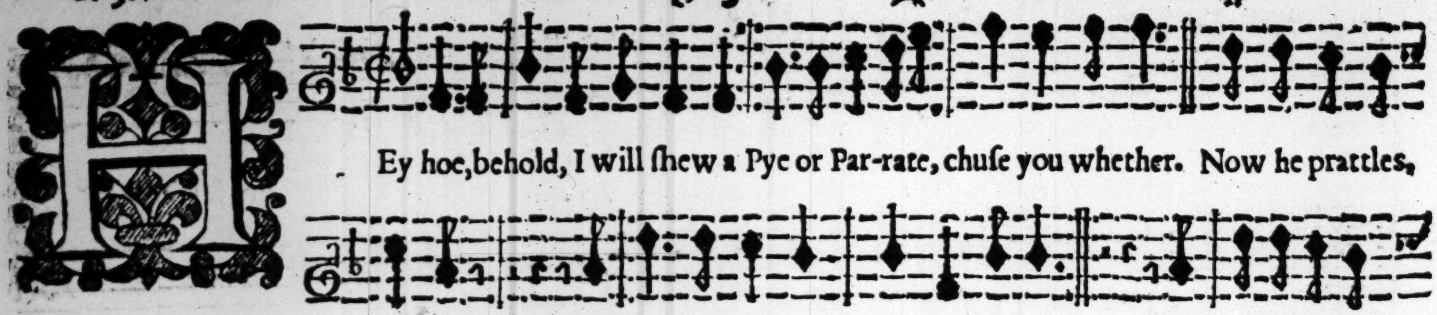
Mr. *Symon Ives.*



Ow we are met, let's merry, merry bee, for one halfe houre, with mirth and glee to re-

4. 3. Voc. BASSUS.

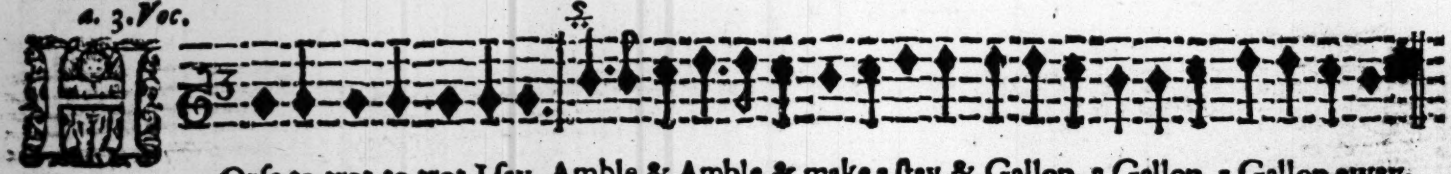
a. 3. Voc.



Ey hoe, behold, I will ſhew a Pye or Par-rate, chuſe you whether. Now he prattles, look hoe, then we may both ſhake hands together. Thou prateſt like a Cuckooe, then we may both ſhake hands together. Hey hoe, behold, &c

Mr. Thomas Pierce.

a. 3. Voc.



Orſe to trot, to trot, I ſay, Amble & Amble, & make a ſtay, & Gallop, a Gallop, a Gallop away.

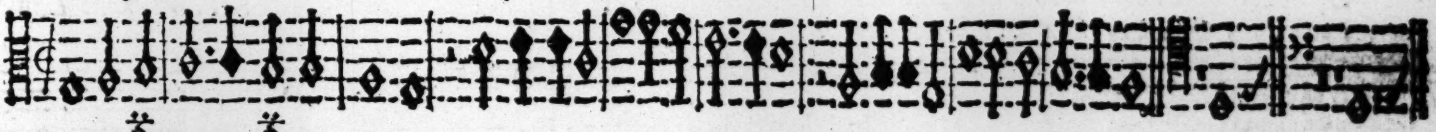
FINIS.

Mr. Thomas Pierce.

Sacred *HYMNS & CANONS,*

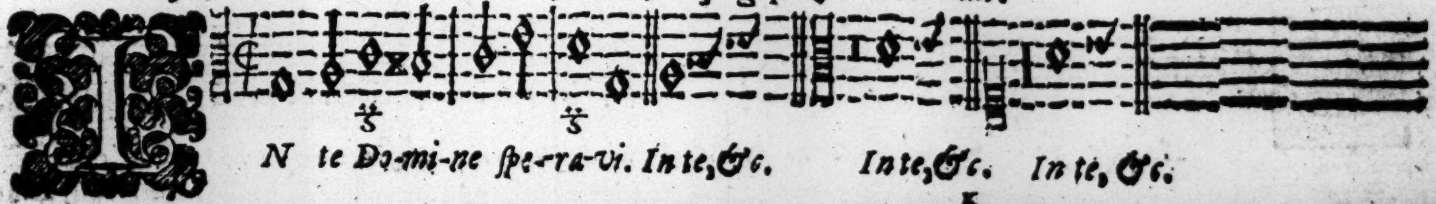
For three or foure Voyces.

a. 3. Voc. A Cannon in the 4. and 8. below.

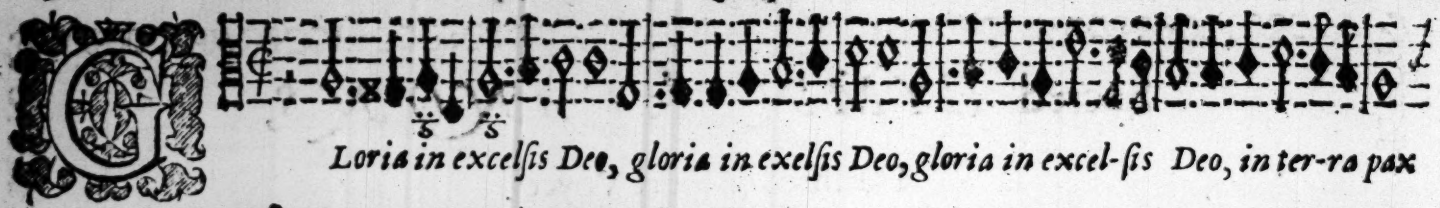


NOn nobis Domine, non nobis, ſed nomini tuo da Gloriam, ſed :|: *Gloriam. Non, &c. Non, &.*

a. 3. Voc. A Cannon in the 5. and 9. riſing a Note each time.



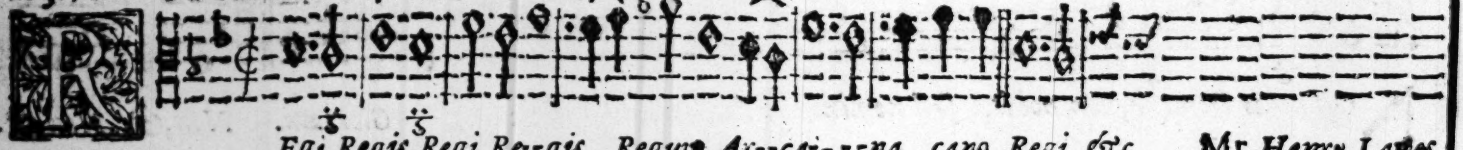
NOte Do-mi-ne ſpe-ra-vi. Inte, &c. Inte, &c. Inte, &c.



Loria in excelsis Deo, gloria in exelsis Deo, gloria in excel-sis Deo, in ter-ra pax

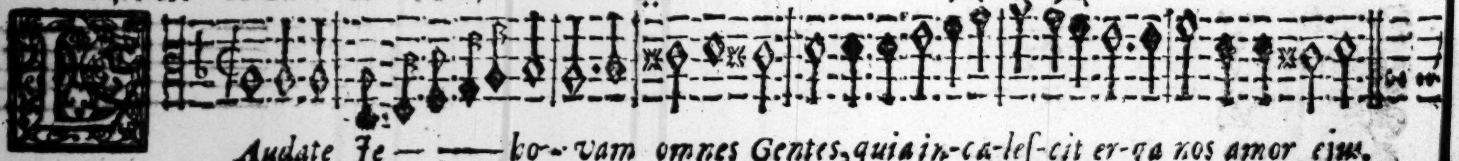
& hominibus bona voluntas, bona voluntas. Gloria, &c. Mr. William Lawes.

a. 3. Voc. A Canon in the 4. and 8. below.



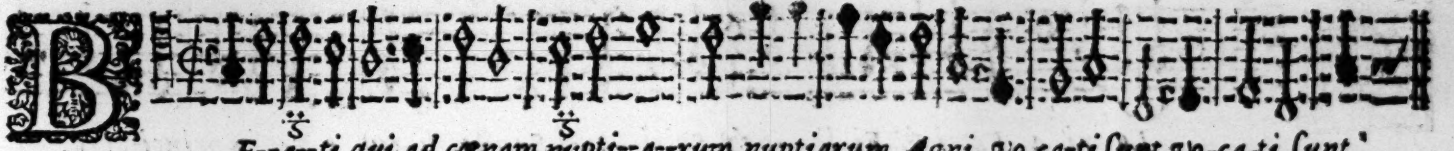
Egi Regis, Regi Re--gis, Regum Ar--ca----na cano Regi, &c. Mr. Henry Lawes.

a. 3. Voc. A Canon in the Unison.



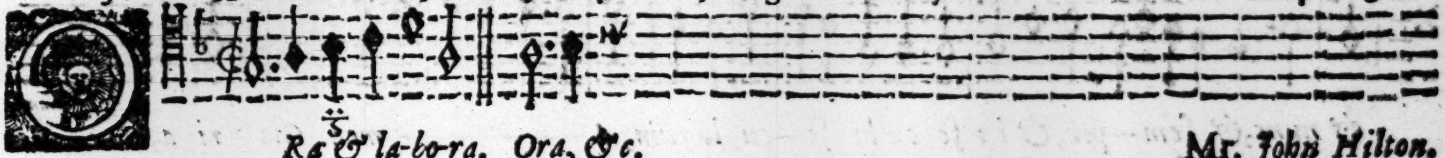
Audate Je — ——— ho--vam omnes Gentes, quia in-ca-les-cit er-ga nos amor ejus.

Mr. Henry Law



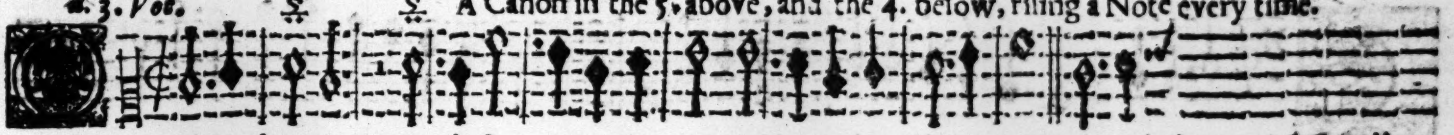
E--a--ti qui ad cœnam nupti--a--rum, nuptiarum Agni, vo-ca-ti ſunt, vo-ca-ti ſunt.

a. 3 Voc. A Canon in the 5. above, and 4. below, riſing a Note every time Mr. *John Cobb.*



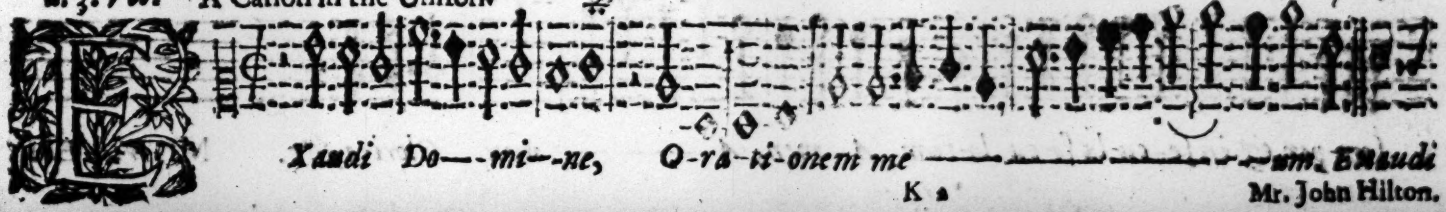
Ra & la-bo-ra. Ora, &c. Mr. *John Hilton.*

a. 3. Voc. A Canon in the 5. above, and the 4. below, riſing a Note every time.



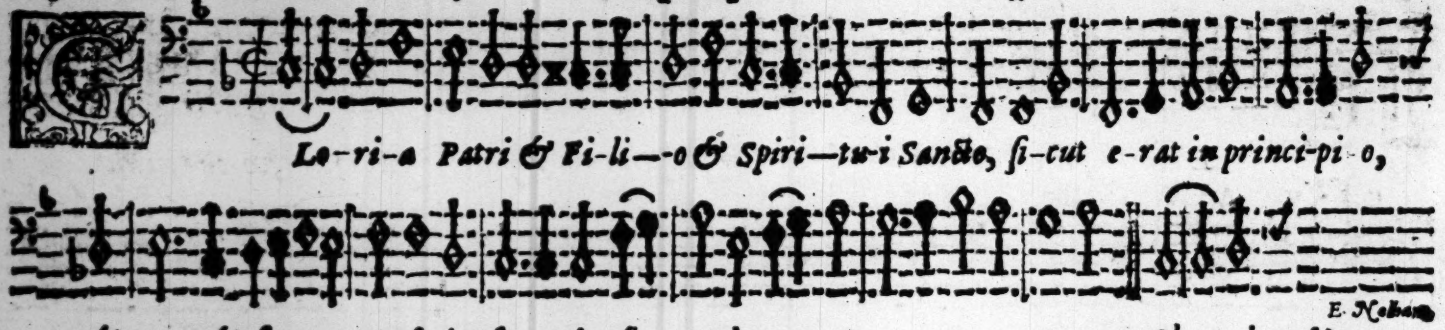
Mne bonum De-i do——num, do——num. Omne, &c. M. *J. Hilton.*

a. 3. Voc. A Canon in the Uniſon.

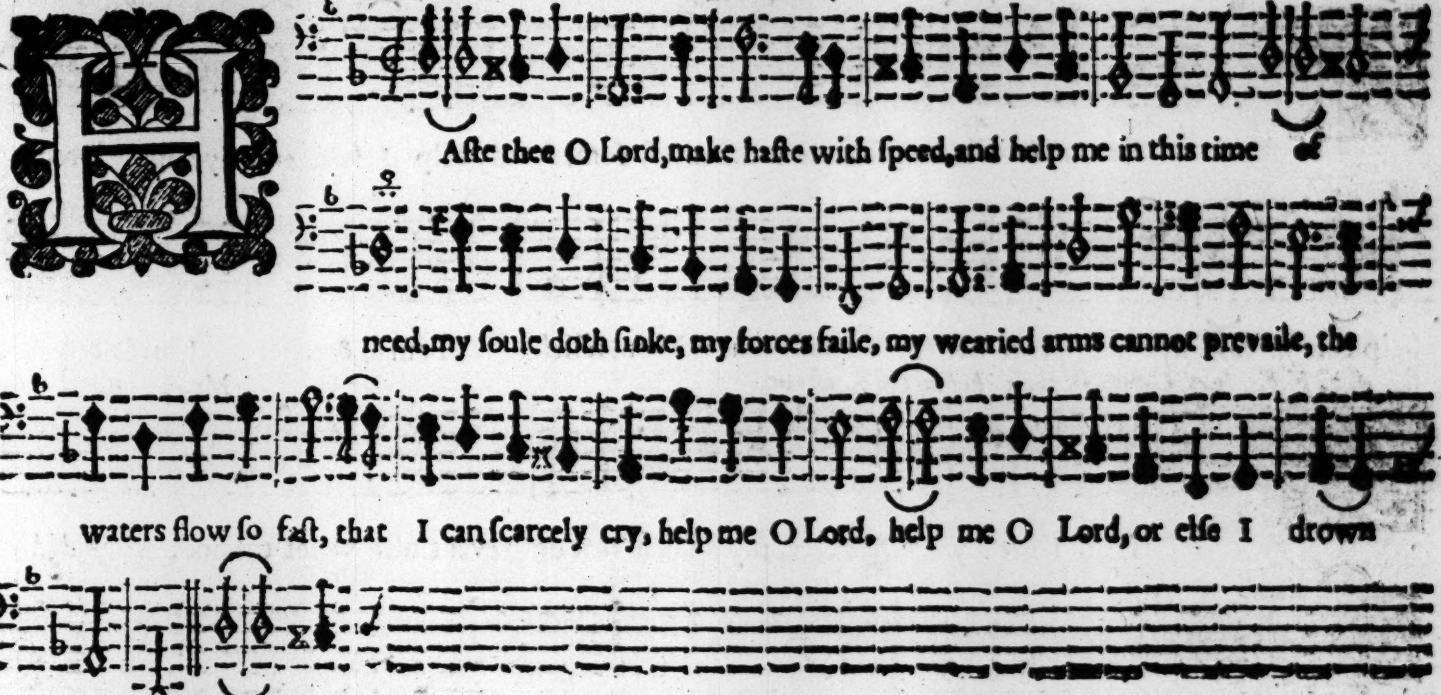


Xaudi Do--mi--ne, O-ra-ti-onem me——um. Exaudi

Mr. John Hilton.



a. 3. Voc. A Canon in the Uniſon.


Haſte thee O Lord, make haſte with ſpeed, and help me in this time of
need, my ſoule doth ſinke, my forces faile, my wearied arms cannot prevaile, the
waters flow ſo faſt, that I can ſcarcely cry, help me O Lord, help me O Lord, or elſe I drown
and dye. Haſte thee, &c.

I Am so wea-ry of this lingring grief, some speedy help I faint and dye, some speedy

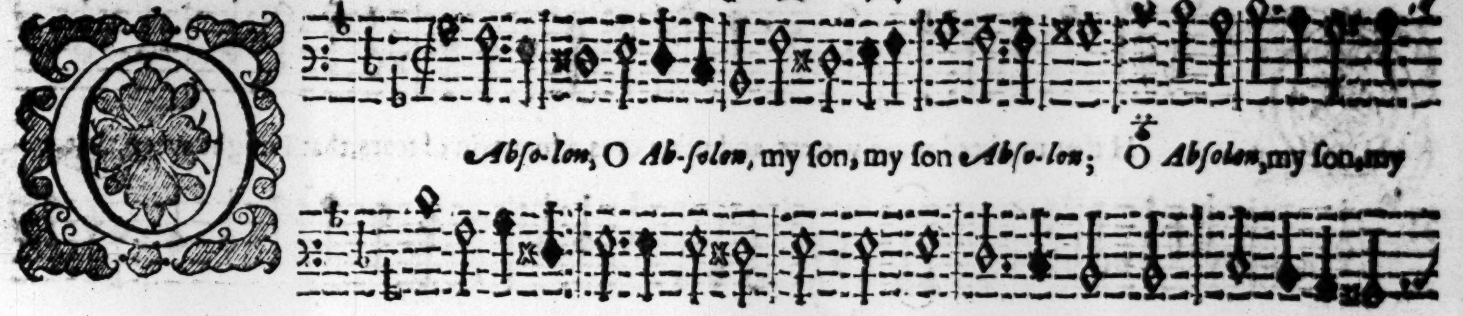
help I faint and dye, in brief, to live and languish thus without relief. I am so, &c. I am so &c.

Mr. Thomas Ford.

a. 3. Voc. *A Canon in the 5. below the 8. above.*

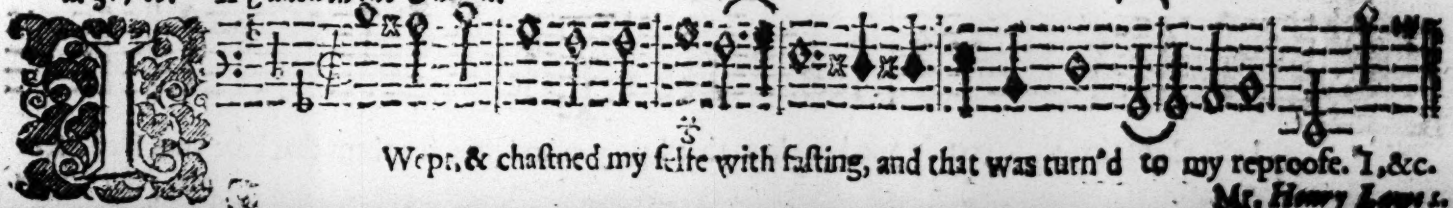
Lord I lift my heart to thee, my soule in thee doth ever trust: O let me not confounded

bee, but make me righteous, but make me righteous with the just. O Lord, &c. Mr. Thomas Ford.

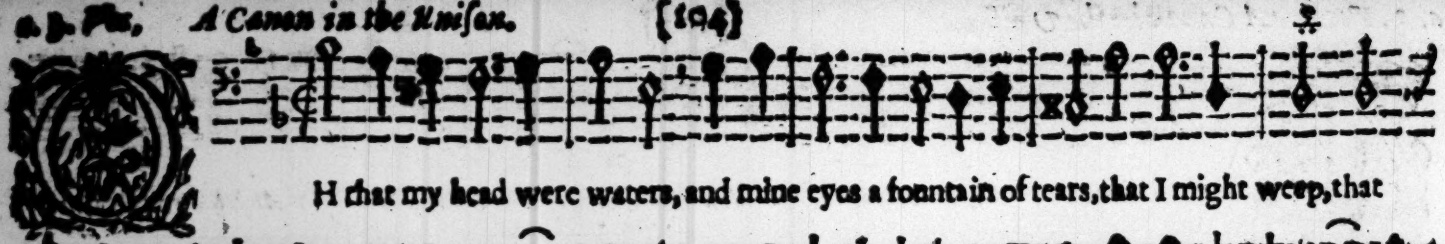


Mr. *Henry Lawes.*

a. 3. Voc. *A Canon in the Uniſon.*

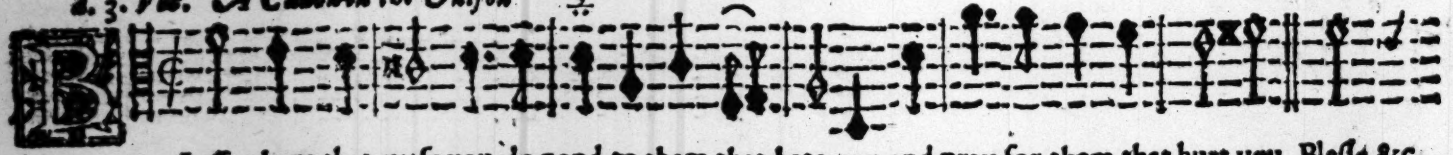


Mr. *Henry Lawes.*

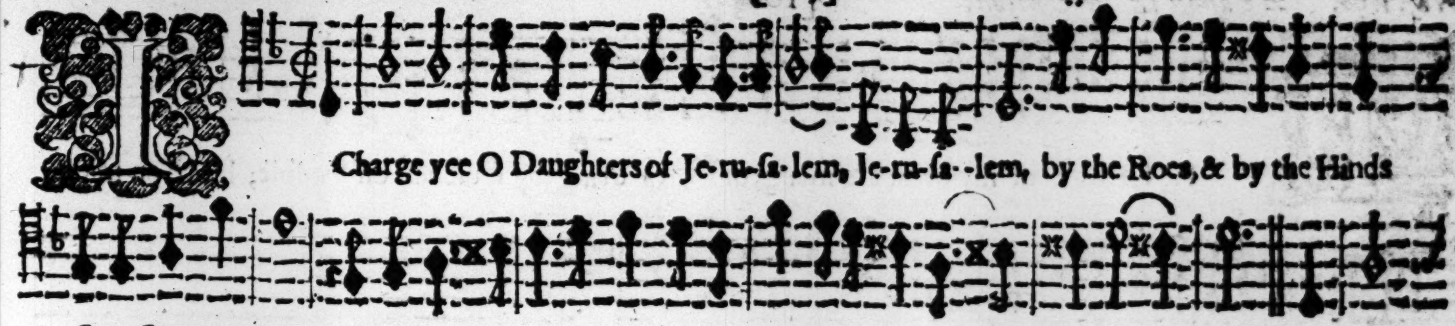


Mr. *Thomas Holmes.*

a. 3. Voc. *A Canon in the Unison*

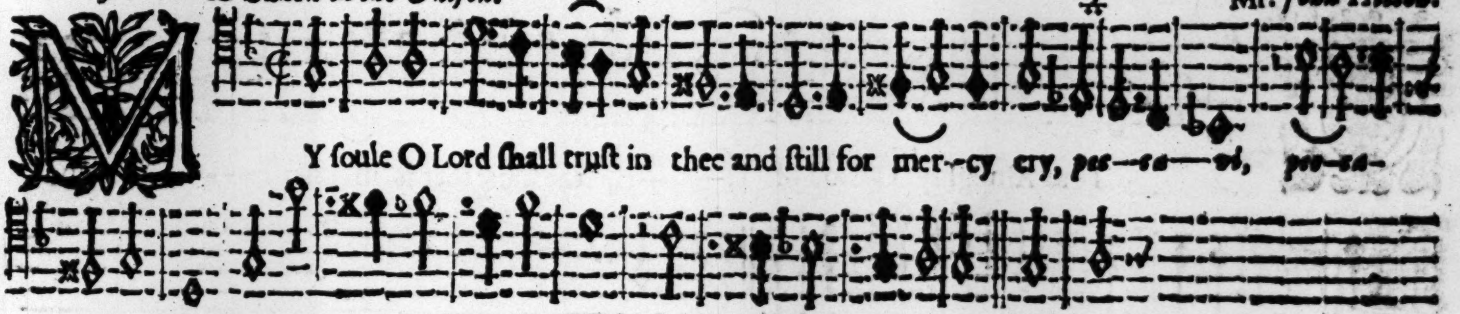


Mr. *John Hilton.*

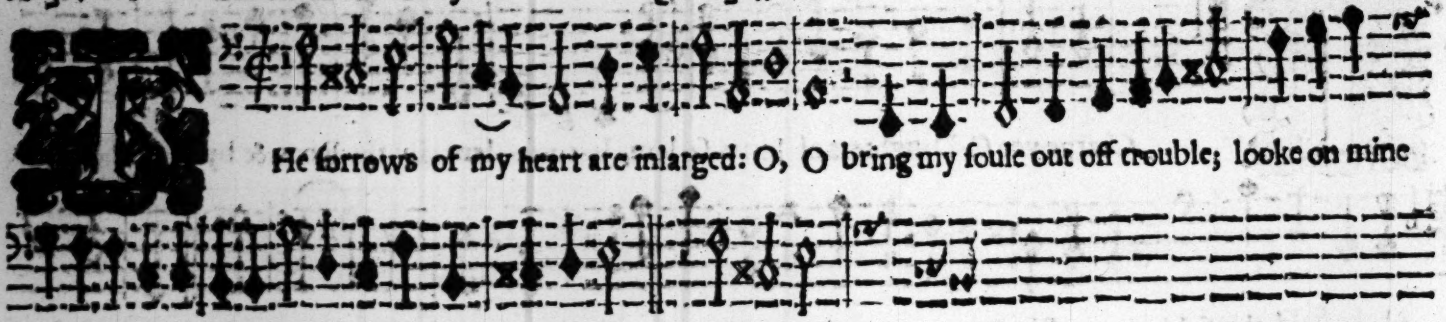


a. 3. Voc. *A Canon in the Uniſon.*

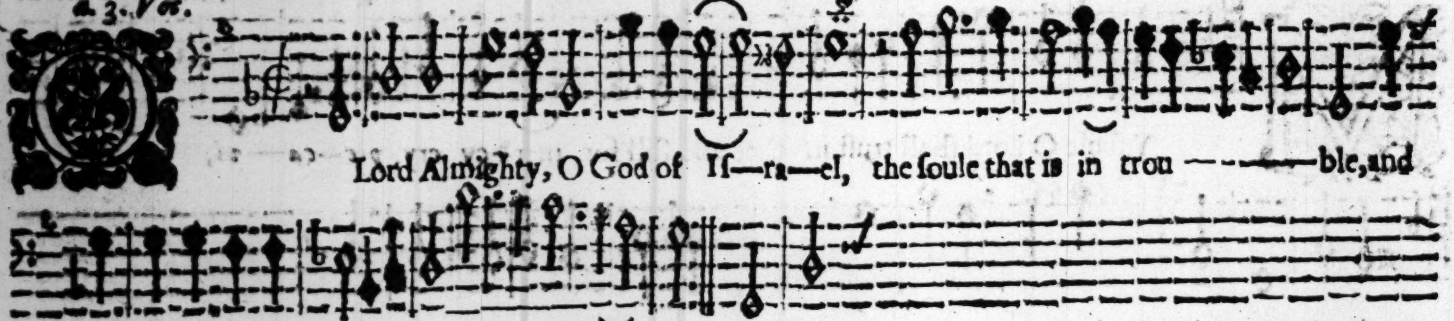
Mr. *John Hilton.*

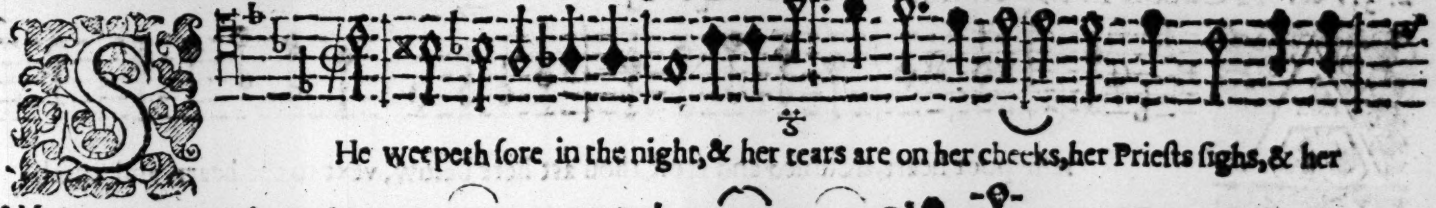


Mr. *John Hilton.*


THe ſorrows of my heart are inlarged: O, O bring my ſoule out off trouble; looke on mine
adverſity and miſery, and forgive me all my ſins. The ſorrows, &c.
Mr. Thomas Holmes.

a. 3. Voc.


Lord Almighty, O God of Iſ—ra—el, the ſoule that is in trou ———ble, and
the ſpirit that is vex---ed, cryeth un--to thee. O Lord, &c.
Mr. John Hilton.

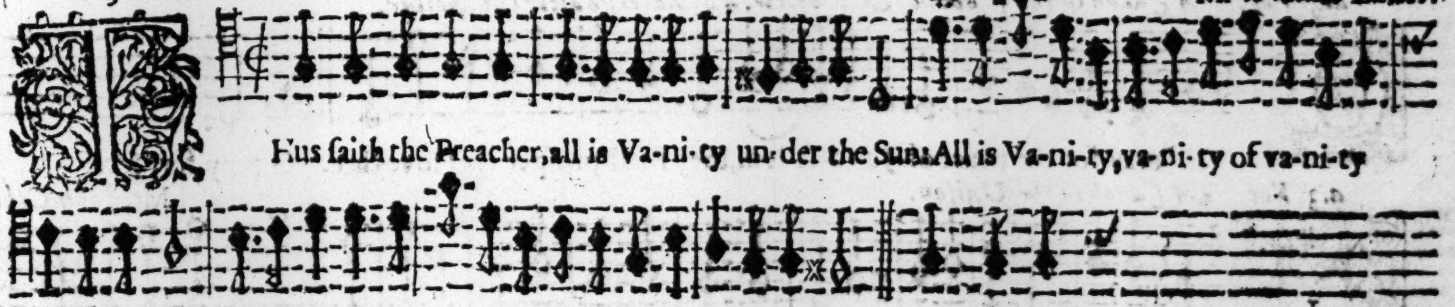


She weepeth ſore in the night, & her tears are on her cheeks, her Prieſts ſighs, & her

Virgins are afflicted, and a-mong all her Lovers ſhee hath none to comfort her. She weepeth &c.

a. 3. Voc.

Mr *William Lawes*.

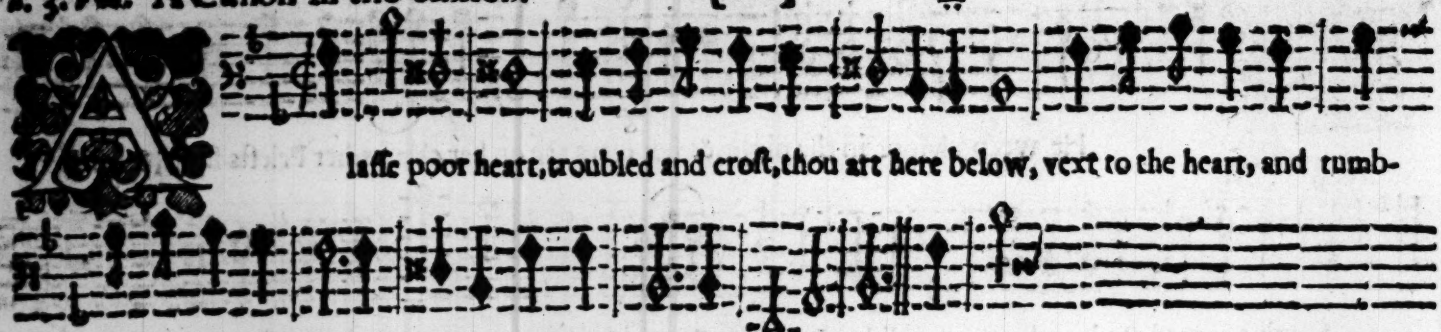


Thus ſaith the Preacher, all is Va-ni-ty un-der the Sun: All is Va-ni-ty, va-ni-ty of va-ni-ty

un-der the Sun; Va-ni-ty, all is va-ni-ty of va-ni-ty under the Sun. Thus ſaith the, &c.

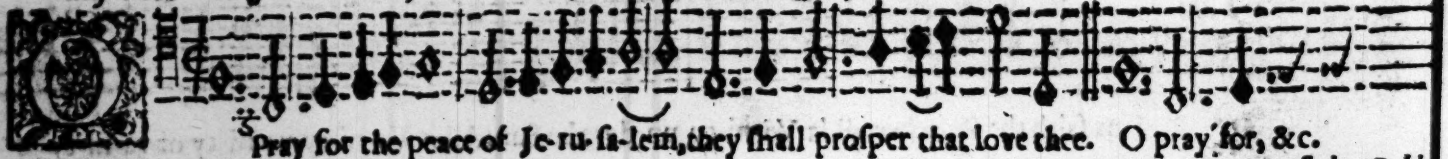
Mr. *Nelham*.

4. 3. Voc. A Canon in the Unison.



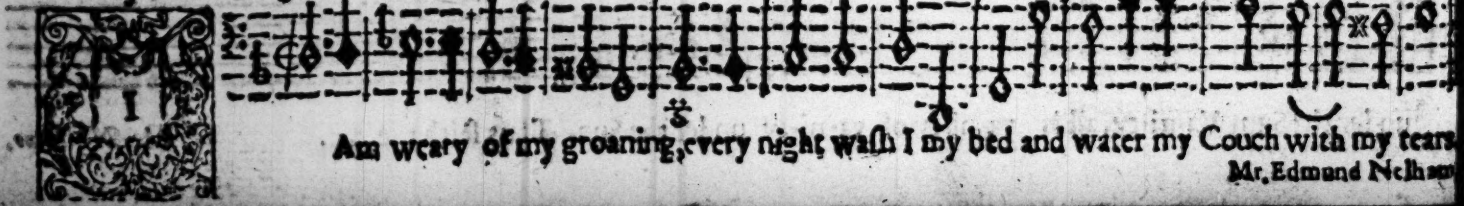
Alas poor heart, troubled and croſt, thou art here below, next to the heart, and tumb-led and toſt thou art, but comfort ſtill God ſend, and to an End. Alas, &c. Mr. *John Hilton.*

4. 3. Voc. *A Canon in the 5. above & 4. below, a Sembreeffo after one another.*



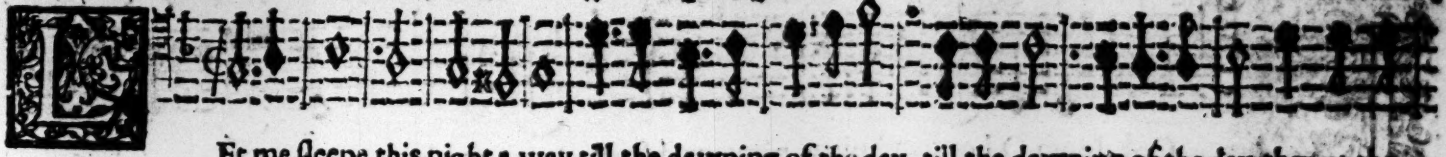
Pray for the peace of Je-ru-ſa-lem, they ſhall proſper that love thee. O pray for, &c.

4. 3. Voc. *A Canon in the Unison.* Mr. *John Cobb.*

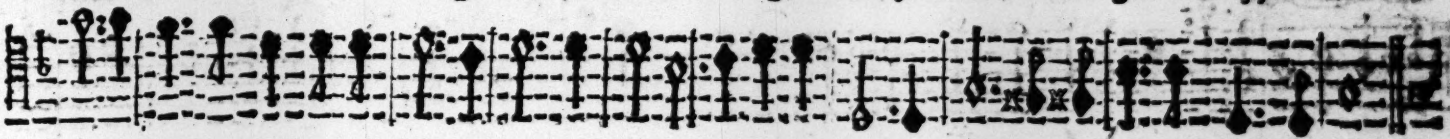


Am weary of my groaning, every night waſh I my bed and water my Couch with my tears.

Mr. Edmund Nelham

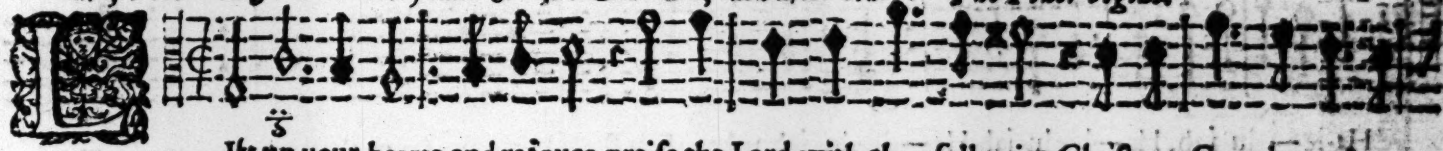


Et me sleepe this night a way till the dawning of the day, till the dawning of the day; then at the



opening of mine eyes, at the opening of mine eyes, I and all th: world shall rise, I and all the world shall rise. &c.

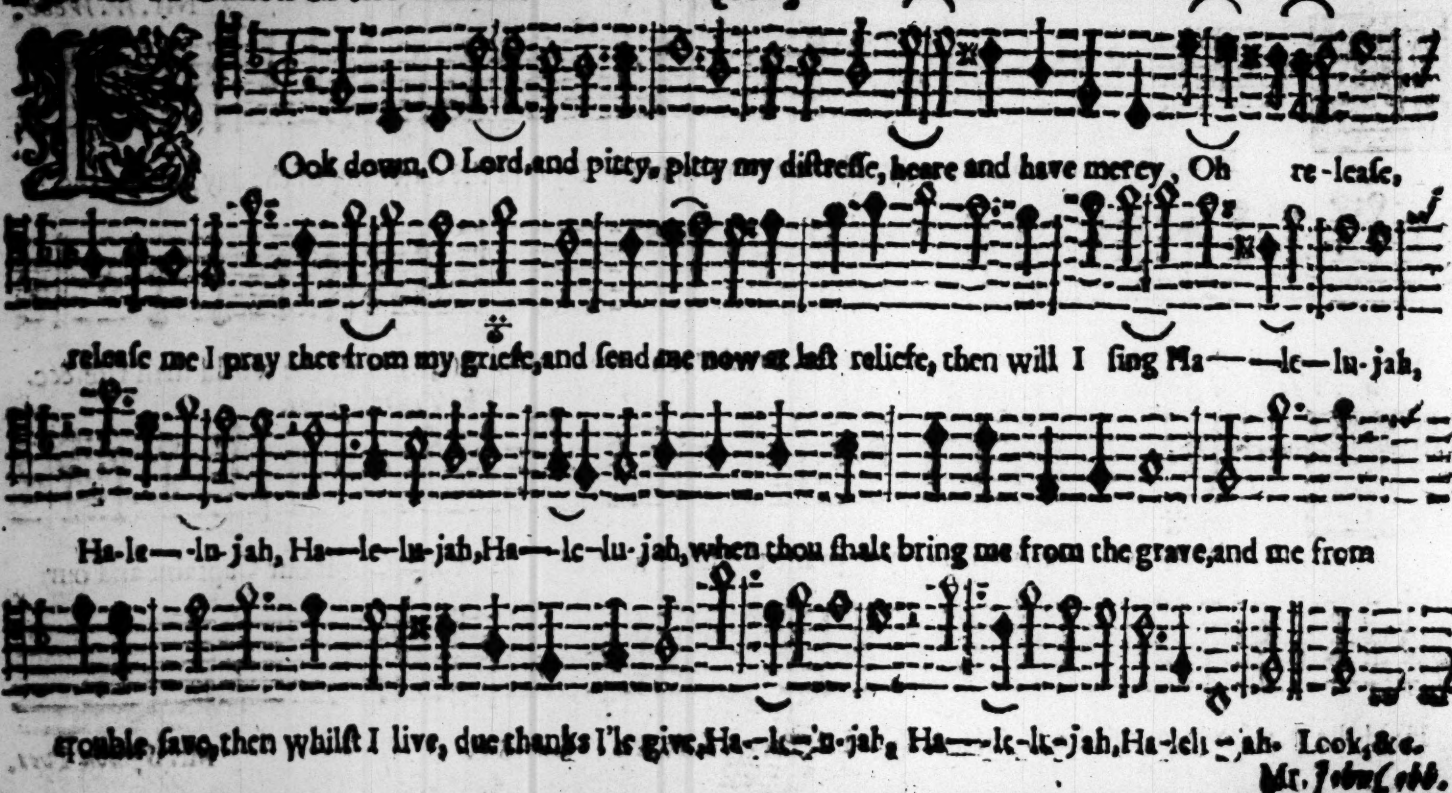
a. 3 Voc. A Canon in the 5. and 8. rest a Minum, each after other. The Tenor begins.



Lift up your hearts and rejoyce, praise the Lord with chearfull voice, Christ our Captaine and our

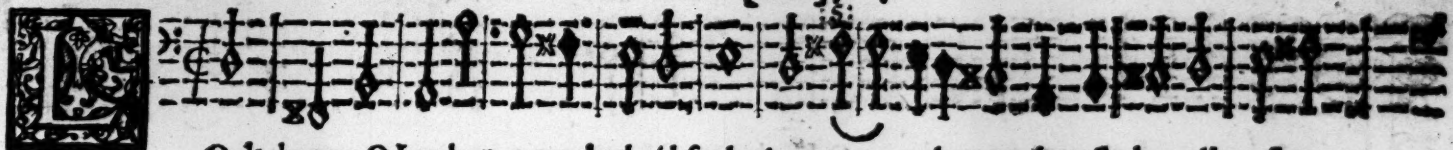
Head, he is risen from the dead. Lift, &c. Lift, &c. Lift, &c. Lift, &c.

Mr. Symon Ives.


Look down, O Lord, and pitty, pitty my distresse, heare and have mercy, Oh re-lease,
release me I pray thee from my griefe, and send me now at last reliefe, then will I sing Ha——le—lu-jah,
Ha-le—-lu-jah, Ha—le-lu-jah, Ha—le-lu-jah, when thou shalt bring me from the grave, and me from
trouble save, then whilst I live, due thanks I'le give, Ha—le—lu-jah, Ha—le-lu-jah, Ha-leli—jah. Look, &c.

Mr. John Cobb.

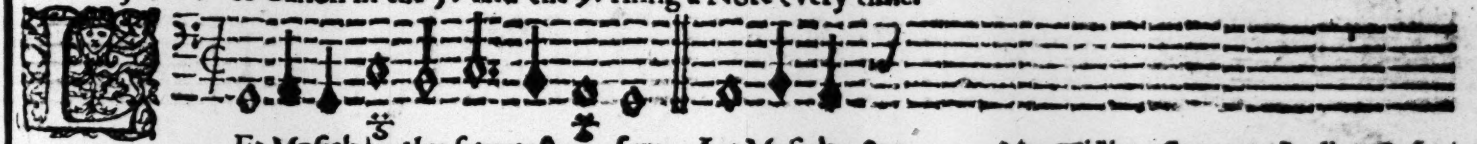
3. Voc. A Canon in the Unison.



Look downe O Lord upon my bed-rid soule that turnes, and turnes, but findes all rest con-

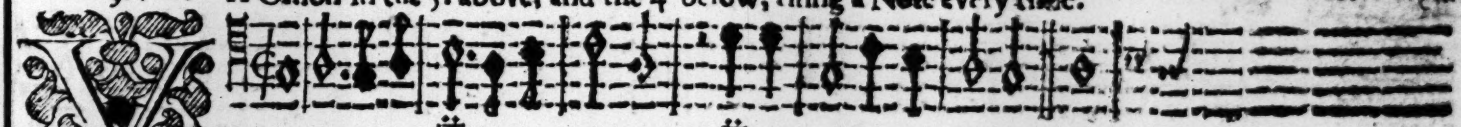
troule: Speake Lord, thy talke shall make me rise and walke. Looke down, &c. Mr. *Thomas Ford.*

3. Voc. A Canon in the 5. and the 9. rising a Note every time.



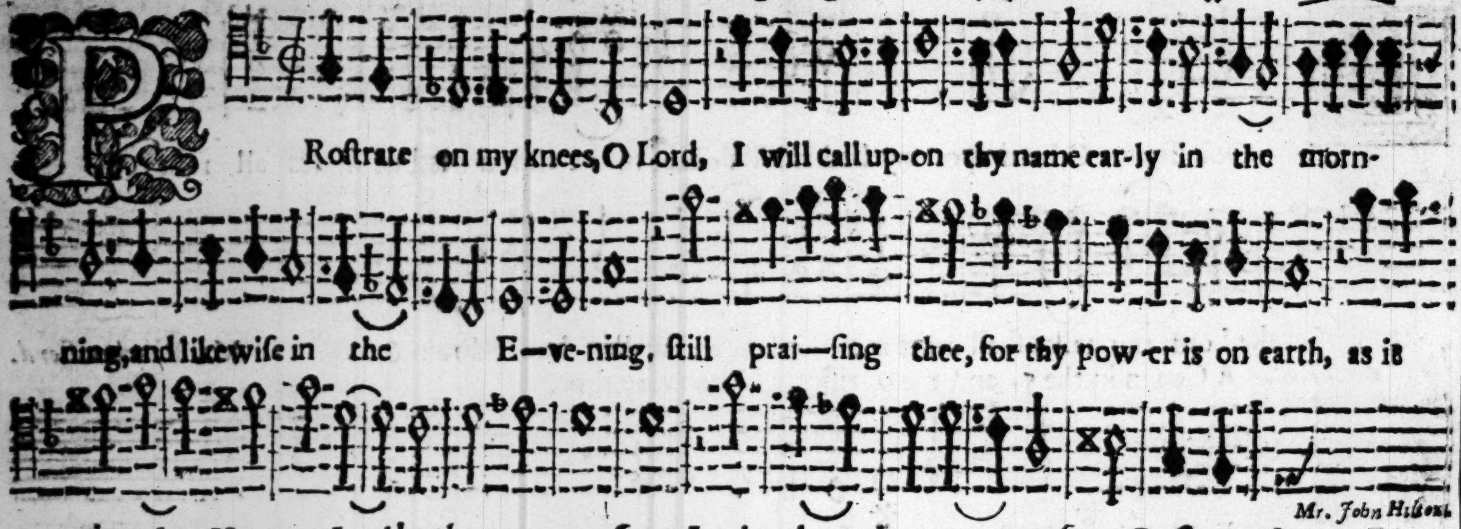
Let Musick be thy sweetest pleasure. Let Musick, &c. Mr. *William Swargrill, alias Cæsar.*

3. Voc. A Canon in the 5. above, and the 4 below, rising a Note every time.

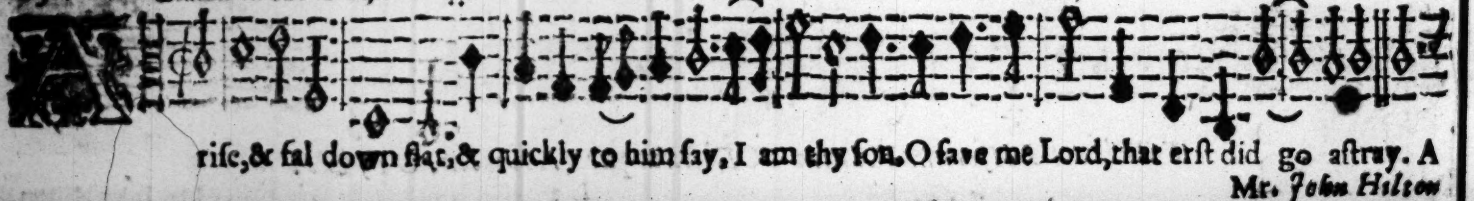


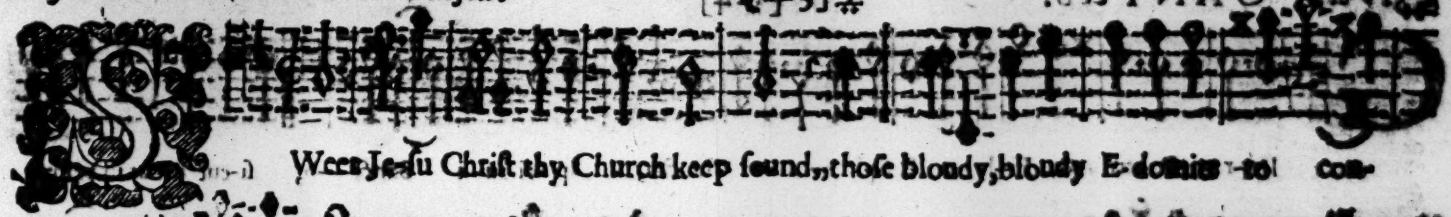
TRElevet MIserum FAtum SOLi-tumque LAborem. VT, &c.

Mr. John Hilton.



43. Voc. *A Canon in the Unison.*





a. 3. Voc. Mr. John Hilton.

Mr. William Ellis.

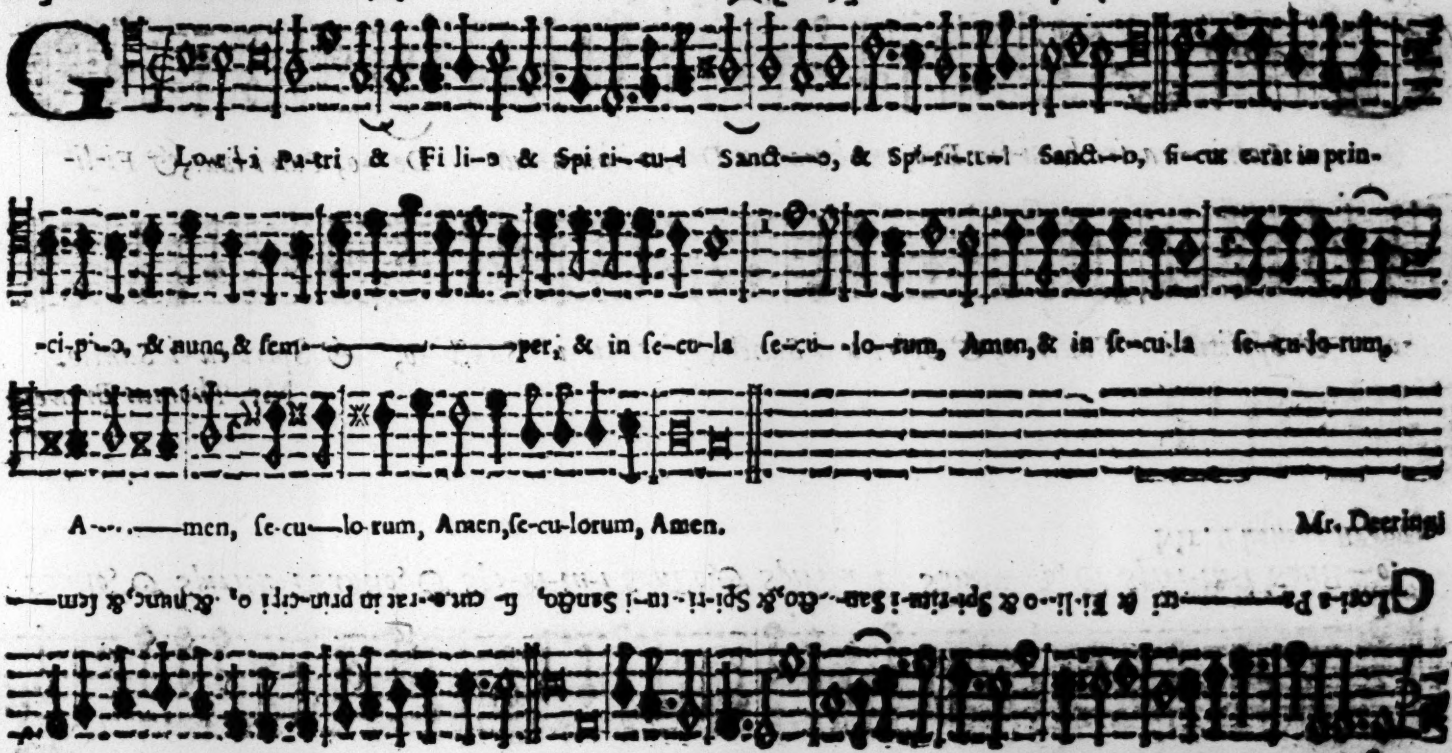
Lo-ri-ti Pa-tri & Fi-li-o & Spi-ri-tu-i Sancto, & Spi-ri-tu-i Sanct-o, si-cut e-rat in prin-

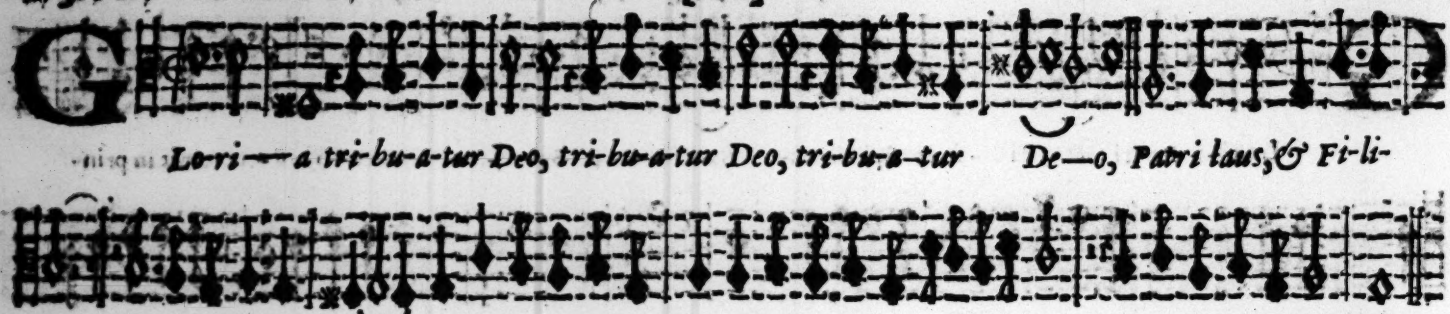
ci-pi-o, & nunc, & sem-per, & in se-cu-la se-cu-lorum, A men, & in se-cu-la se-cu-lorum,

A-men, se-cu-lorum, A-men, se-cu-lo rum, A-men.

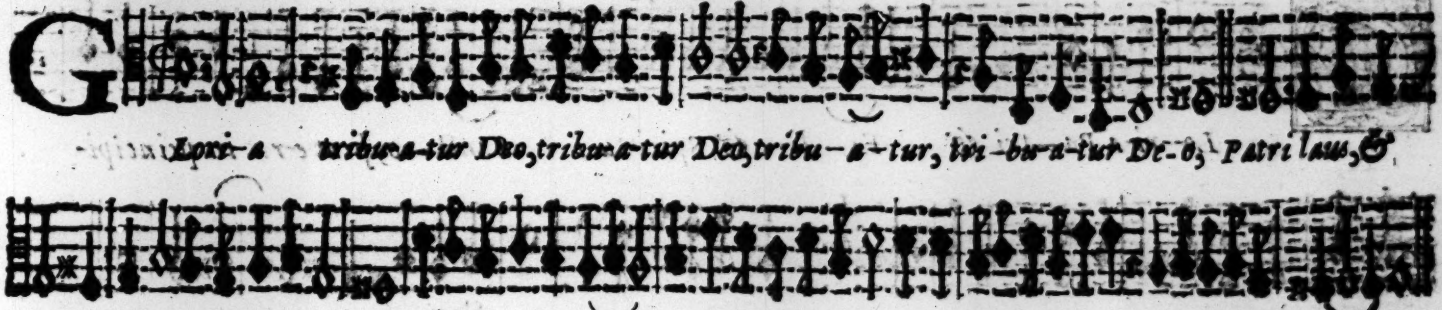
Mr. Deering.

-per, & in se-cu-la secu-lo-rum, A-men, & in se-cu-la seculo rum, Amen, se-cu-lorum, Amen, se culorum, Amen


Glo-ri-a Pa-tri & Fi-li-o & Spi-ri-tu-i Sanc-to, & Spi-ri-tu-i Sanc-to, ſi-cut erat in prin-
-ci-pi-o, & nunc, & ſem- per, & in ſe-cu-la ſe-cu-lo-rum, Amen, & in ſe-cu-la ſe-cu-lo-rum,
A- men, ſe-cu-lo-rum, Amen, ſe-cu-lorum, Amen.
Mr. Deering



Mr. Thomas Brewer.



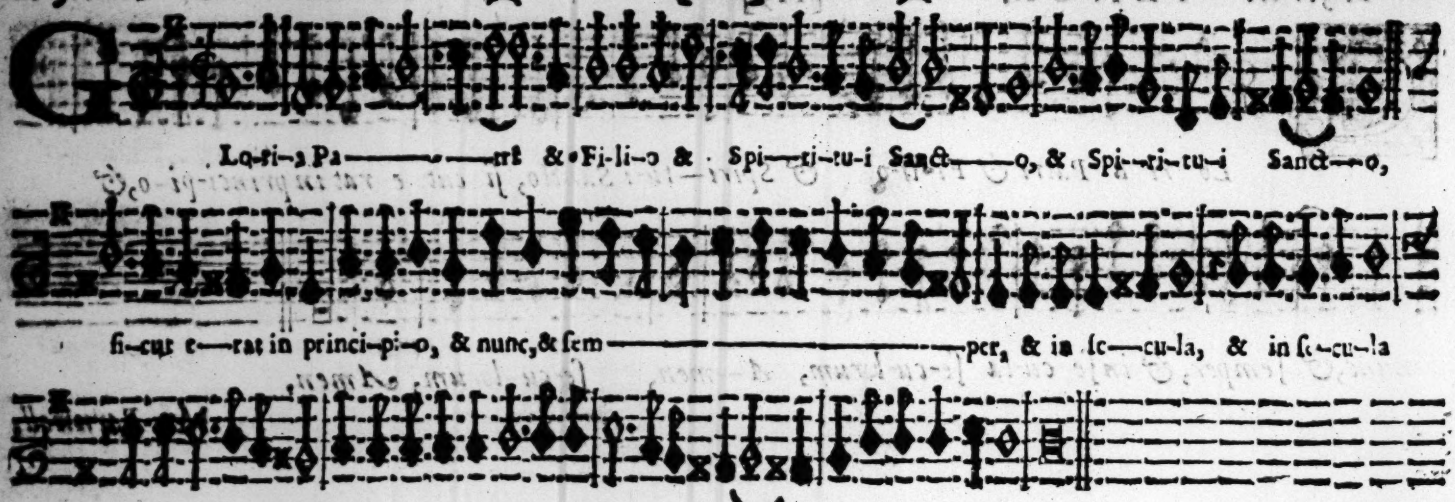
Mr. *Thomas Brewer.*

Mr. Barnwell.

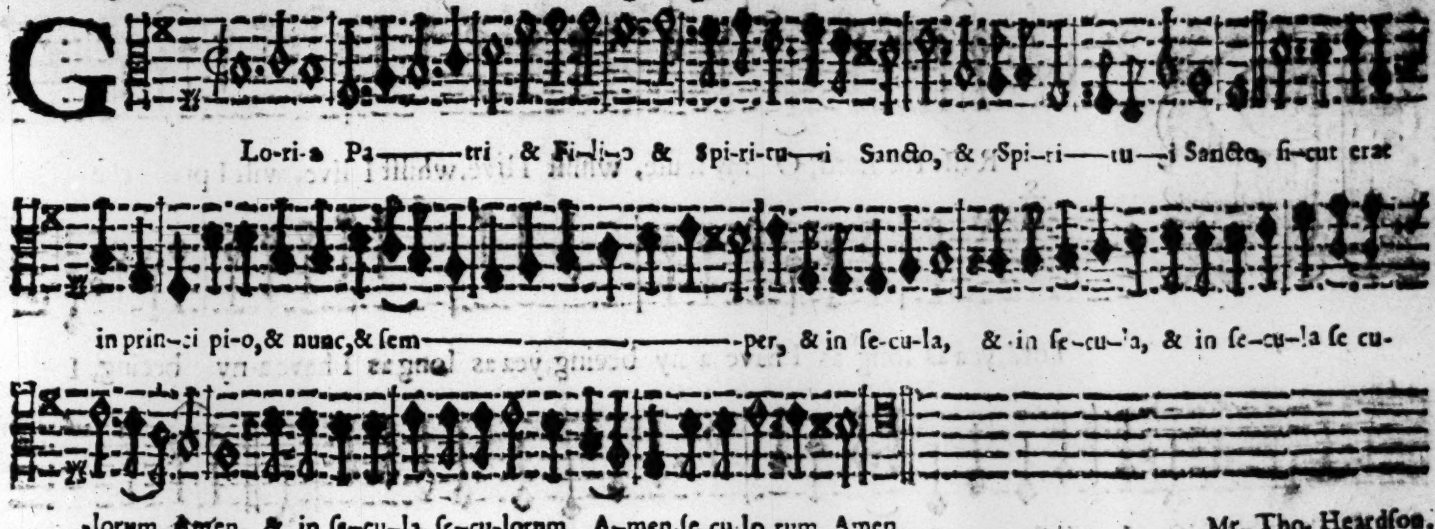
Lo-ri-a Patri & Fi-li-o & Spiri—tu-i Sancto, ſi-cut e-rat in princi-pi-o, &
nunc, & ſemper, & in ſe-cu-la ſe-cu-lorum, A—men,
Slow.
ſe-cu-lorum, Amen.

Mr. Barnwell.

4. 3. Voc. BASSUS.

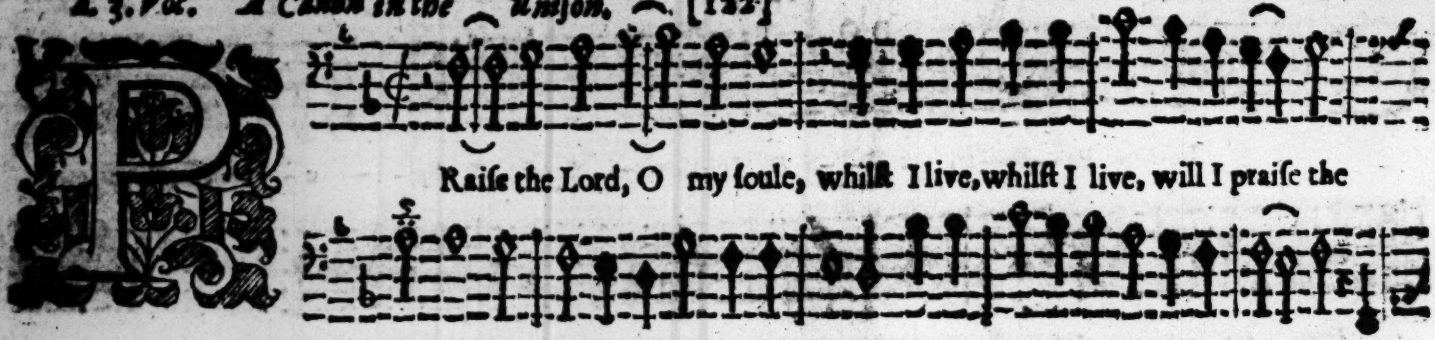


Mr. Tho. Hearſon.

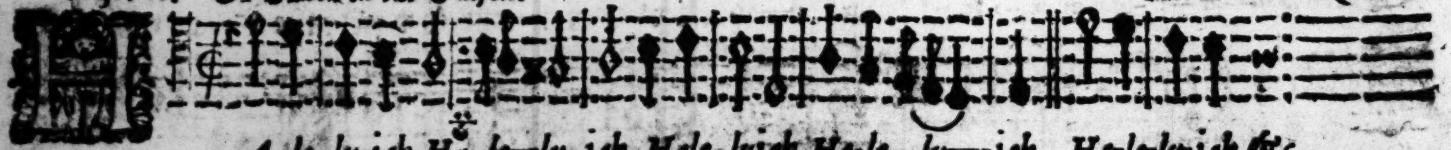


Mr. Tho. Heardſon.

a. 3. Voc. A Canon in the Unison.



a. 3. Voc. A Canon in the Unison. Mr. *Edmund Nelham.*



FINIS.

Mr. *John Cobb.*

Errata's of the Notes and other miſtakes in this Booke, are heere marked with this Character ⌣ overhead, and the Page and Line ſet downe where they are, the which you are deſired to mend with your Pen.

Page 26. *l.*4.

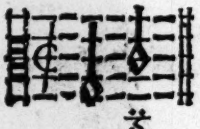
Droan be- &c.

Page 31. *l.* 2.

But ſent it, &c.

Page 89. *l.* 3.

Red Cows, &c.

Page 102. *Set the Moniter here.* 

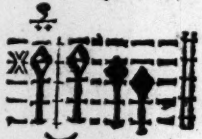
O Lord &c.

Page 105. *l.*1.

O Daughters, &c.

Page 105. *l.*4.

Pec-- ca---vi, &c.

Page 111. *Set the Moniter here.* 

Turns, &c.

Page 111. *l.*4.

La—bo-rem, &c.

Page 115. *l.*2.

Sem ——— per, &c.